

IN HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES

*Life Incidents And
Thrilling Experiences*

By
E. R. Clough

Rev. E. R. Clough
Laurel, Delaware

My dear Rev. Clough:

Your autobiography, "In Highways and Hedges," which we have just published for you, is a fascinating volume which should hold the reader's interest from the first to the very last page.

Your easy-flowing style of writing as you tell of life's experiences, dating back 25 years into the past century up to the present time, makes this book very readable. Few people, we believe, have so courageously faced up to discouragements and disappointments. In fact, very few people have had such a rich and full life of service to mankind.

We heartily recommend your book for everyone's reading, both for the pure pleasure of reading and for the many subtle lessons it teaches. We believe, Rev. Clough, that you have emulated the Master, in that you have "gone about doing good."

Your life has indeed been a blessing, and all those who read your book will be uplifted and spurred on to greater efforts for good.

May God continue to bless you in your noble work.

Sincerely yours,

G. Arthur McDaniel

1.00



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Dedication

I am dedicating this book to Elizabeth J. Clough, my devoted wife who has stood by me so faithfully in my work. Mrs. Clough is an ordained deaconess and also a licensed nurse.

God has filled some eighty-two years of the life of our Brother Clough with the hardships and blessings so singular to the thoughts of the mid-twentieth century church that we might well be humbled and inspired with our ease in contrast to our responsibility to this generation.

It is the aim of this introduction to commend this work, recorded in retrospect for this generation and posterity. He who has arranged and set the manuscript in order, tried to maintain the personality of "Honey" Clough, as the town people affectionately call him, his style of writing and not mine, and the clear, vivid atmosphere of life experiences as lived and lettered with as little mutation as possible.

So much of this life lived some fifty years in the most rewarding profession on the face of God's earth, is a running commentary of the history of the Eastern District of the Pilgrim Holiness Church. Scenes of privation, plenty and Pentecost, rare to this generation, awaken within us a challenge and a hunger for spiritual striving to seek the Highest of God.

For all who read this account, there will be a rich and rewarding experience. You might well arrive at the final chapters of the book with the conviction that this is indeed a "Life in God's hands".

(Rev.) R. W. Darsch,
Present pastor,

Laurel Pilgrim Holiness Church

CHAPTER I

The Difficult Years

In response to many requests from many quarters to record the story of my life, it would seem the time is ripe for me to take my pen and paper and place these few notes on record.

Memory isn't all that remains of some fifty years in the work of God, but the latter days seem sweeter than the former. When I first felt led of the Lord to write my life's story, I planned to write the whole of it; the bitter and the sweet, where I was born, my boyhood days, my school days, those years I spent as a bound-out boy, when I started out for myself, my first bad habit, how I discovered it was wrong to use tobacco after my conversion and God's deliverance from the desire for it. Then with my first work for the Lord, my trip to God's Bible School in Cincinnati, Ohio, later my call to the rescue work in Baltimore, Maryland, later still to pastorate work, was included my experience in charity work helping needy families.

I am a Delawarean by birth, being born near Smyrna on September 1, 1874.

My father was a well digger by trade which included cleaning wells and maintaining them. One day he was down a very deep well and the train passed near where he was working, shaking the earth all around and dislodging a large number of bricks from the top of the well. When he heard this noise, he put both hands over his head, and when the bricks fell down they tore the skin from his hands and from places on his head. In a short time there was a large crowd around thinking he was dead. Soon after the dust cleared away, they heard his voice and lowered a large bucket down the well. He got into it and they pulled him up. Just as he got to the top of the well, the air struck him and he fainted. Someone carried him to the house and he was in bed for some weeks.

It was not long after this that he moved to a Maryland farm. It was then that my mother's health failed and we

had to move to a small place called Starkeys Corner, between Church Hill and Centreville, Maryland. There were two stores, a few houses, and a blacksmith shop. My father had had some experience as a blacksmith and wheel-rite, so he started business there. About this time there was a baby girl born into our home. Soon after the child's birth my mother became worse and was confined to bed. The child, too, was taken sick and only lived a few months. I had a half-sister, on my father's side, who stayed with us and took care of my mother. One day my mother called me to her bedside and asked me to go down to the shop on which my father was putting a new roof and get a butt-end of a shingle that my father had sawed off. When I brought this piece of home-made shingle to her, she drew a bird in flight on it for me. I kept it a long while. That has been more than 70 years ago, and as the years have gone by I have drawn many for children in different homes where I have visited.

One night my mother called my father to her side and said, "John, do you hear the sweet singing?" He answered, "No". He thought she was dreaming. He asked her what they were singing and she said, "Bright Angels are Hovering Around". Then she said, "I see Jesus" and was gone. The next morning I got up and came downstairs. I went to the bed where my mother was laying and when I called, "Mamma", there was no answer. About then my aunt came into the room and said, "Ed, your mother is dead". Being about nine years old then, I could not tell anyone how I felt. They laid her body in the old church yard that was the burying ground of the church people, and today most of our family is buried there.

This church was called the Old Salem Church, and it is located along the road between Church Hill and Centreville, Maryland.

Shortly after my mother passed away, I had a dream. I thought that she came back, ate supper with us, and afterwards asked my half-sister Georgia to get a lamp and lead the way upstairs. We all followed her up, and when she got there, mother took off an old dress and in the long

white gown she had beneath it sailed out of the open window like a bird. That, too, has been more than seventy years ago, but it is just as real to me today as it was then. I cannot doubt that mother is safe in Heaven, waiting for her boy.

My experience after mother died was very difficult. No one can take a real mother's place. When you lose her, you have lost a real friend. My father moved into a small house near where we used to live. There were four of us children, and my half-sister, being much older than I, was supposed to keep house for us, though many times we were left alone. Of the three youngest children, I was by a few years, the oldest, and when we would get hungry many times I would build a fire in the old cook stove, mix up some cornmeal in a pan, and put on the old griddle. Then I would take a piece of meat skin and greasing the griddle, fry some corn cakes. Some plates were gotten and pouring some black molasses over the cakes, we would make a meal of it. A hungry child will eat almost anything.

One day when my fathers brother came to see us, he asked my father's permission to raise me and was granted it. In those days the only means of travel was by horse and carriage. It seemed like a long way to my uncle's home near Goldsboro in Caroline county though today the distance is considered short.

That Christmas was different than any I had ever known. We had a Christmas tree for the first time. With a needle and thread we strung some popped corn and hung it on the tree. We made some paper angels, got some sticks of candy, and decorated the tree with anything we could find to make it attractive. That night we hung our stockings up beside the old fireplace, and went to bed early for they told us that Santa Claus would come in a sled driving reindeer, and that he would deliver the toys by coming down the chimney after all the children were asleep. We believed everything they told us, and the next morning, before they could call us, we were up looking to see what Santa Claus had brought us.

I well remember the china deer that I got. I suppose it

was about three inches long and about two inches high. In our stockings were some stick candy, an apple, an orange, some cakes and raisins, and we thought that was great!

We didn't have school buses like they have today, but were compelled to walk two and three miles up the dusty road to school. We carried our dinner in a half gallon tin bucket. Some corn bread with molasses on it and some link sausage comprised our noon-day meal. There was no time to play when we returned home. The old-fashioned fireplace that we used required plenty of wood. The old cook stove, where we built the fire the next morning to get breakfast also demanded our after school activity to be wood chopping.

School was only in session the first two months of the year. We brought our books home the first of March for we lived on a big farm and had to work. The sun was our guide, in those days, for we worked from sunrise until the bell rang for dinner. After dinner we went back into the fields until sundown. There was no law in those days that compelled a child to go to school. If you wanted an education, the school was available, but if you did not wish to study you had to work. My education ended at the fourth grade.

One night, after I had been there nearly two years, a terrible fire broke out about midnight that completely demolished the farm house, and barely allowed us time to escape with our lives. I slept over top of the kitchen with the farm hands, and when we awoke we saw our clothes ablaze where they hung on the wall. We had barely gotten downstairs in our night clothes when the whole roof collapsed, and for three days I remember having nothing but a shawl to wear.

About two years later my uncle sold out at a sheriff's sale in order to pay his debts, and the last two years that I was with him life became very difficult. My uncle did not even own the horse that he drove down the road, and at night my bed was simply a pile of straw without even a pillow under my head. The food was divided and we were not allowed to help ourselves as some children do today.

They would put a piece of meat on my plate and inform me that it was all I would get. Many times my punishment earned me bruises on my back as wide as your two fingers. If I became sick my medicine consisted of a dose of salts and perhaps some quinine. They would gather a weed called "life-everlasting" in the fall of the year and make tea that served as a remedy for a bad cold. We seldom saw a doctor, but somehow we managed to survive.

I remember one day, when the old folks were gone away and my cousin was visiting us, I was very sick. The hot day and my high fever, as I lay underneath the roof over top the kitchen, made my plight very miserable. Knowing that I had no pillow, my cousin slipped up the other stairs and brought one to place under my head. In the evening, when she saw the folk coming up the lane, she slipped the pillow from under my head and carried it back. I can recall laying all day without even a drink of water. But the Lord was good to me and preserved my life beyond all eight others of the family.

One day I decided that I had suffered enough, rolled up a few pieces of clothes that I had, and left. I walked four or five miles to the depot, bought my ticket, and boarded the train for Centreville, where my cousin lived. The train stopped at the station, and I walked out to their home. I was a happy boy of sixteen years when I went to work on the farm of my cousin for my board and clothes.

About this time my father married for the third time, and my brother and I returned to live with his wife and her two boys. My sister had been afflicted when she was four years old, having to walk on her hands and knees until she died at the age of seventeen years. Here I started to work on another farm for five dollars a month and felt that I was really earning good wages. Starting on the first day of March I worked until Christmas.

An incident occurred among a group of us young people at a neighboring farm one Sunday afternoon that almost claimed my life. A young demented girl slipped up behind and with a long hat pin stabbed me between the shoulder blades. In a moment the pain struck me in the

chest, and I felt that I was dying. As I started home, about three hundred yards distant, I felt that each step would be my last. There was intense suffering for days and nights until at last I was well enough to return to work. I feel that it was only the mercy of the Good Lord that saved me.

Shortly before my sister died, a church woman came to see her, prayed with her and wrote a prayer on a piece of paper, asking me to read it to her every day. We had never had family worship, prayer in our home, or Bible reading, and my sister rarely was able to attend Sunday School. I do not even remember a preacher coming to our home and praying, but this prayer that the woman gave us I read faithfully to my sister.

Soon after my sister died, it seems that all we boys got the old fashioned measles. Three of us would sleep upstairs in the winter where the snow would drift in underneath the shingles, the walls not being plastered overhead, and when we awoke in the morning, our bed would be covered with snow. We would leave tracks all the way downstairs. It was in the winter that we had this disease, and my stepmother's oldest son, Benny, who was about eighteen years old, slept upstairs, and when he took cold with the measles he died. Her youngest son, Sammy, slept downstairs with her. Because I was improving I had to bring Benny's body downstairs, lay him out, and help dig his grave in the garden near the house that was my stepmother's burying ground. Her husband and one of her boys had also been buried there.

CHAPTER II

Training: Physical, Formal and Spiritual

The call of the water was sounding loudly in my ears, and since the farm where I was working bordered on the Chester River, I would see the big steamboats and sailing vessels passing every day on their way to Baltimore. For some reason the sailor's life appealed to me, and one day I went down to the shore where they were unloading fertilizer. It was about the time of the year when the farmers were sowing wheat and big boats would anchor in the river and carry the fertilizer that each farmer needed to shore in a small boat. Several hundred tons were carried to the large warehouse in Centreville. I managed to get a job and went on board that big two-masted schooner that had a capacity of over a hundred tons at one time. I could not sleep that night afraid I would not be able to do the job. After everyone had gone to sleep, I got up and went on deck.

Using a large barrel they would lift the bag of fertilizer out of the hull of the ship with a block and fall and set it on its end. We would back up to it and pulling it over our back, carry it off the boat on to the wharf. The board that bridged the distance between the ship and the wharf on which we had to walk was two inches thick and a foot wide, and the fertilizer was stored eighteen sacks high in the warehouse. After examining the situation I decided I could do the work, and the next day managed very well.

Soon after our cook left us and the captain approached me with the job. I did not know much about it, but I said that I would try and soon managed to learn the art. It has been my nature to never say "I can't" until I have tried. If our boat had been the largest steamboat and something had happened to the captain, if no one would take the wheel, I would try. I would ring bells until the engineer would understand that I wanted the boat to go forward.

One day, as we were in the warehouse in Baltimore loading the fertilizer, I saw a four masted sea-going schooner and felt the urge to go to sea. When I confided to my cap-

tain concerning my desire, he convinced me that I should stay with him. On the return trip after our boat was unloaded, we tied up and planned to stay in port for a while. With no work to do my thoughts turned toward the carpentry trade. I began to work with my father and learn from him all that I could about the work. In those days we would go into the woods, cut down the trees, hew out the framing, and build the house. Later I went to work for a large contractor and worked at seventy-five cents a day from sun-up to sun-down. I really wanted to be a carpenter, so I was willing to learn and start as an apprentice.

About this time I was introduced to the tobacco habit. My father used it and called himself a church member; I saw other men use it and so feeling that it was alright, I began to use it also. I noticed little trouble until an attack of illness sent me to the doctor. The problem, according to the doctor, was that I had acquired a tobacco heart. The disease would cause my teeth to chatter, my kneecaps would quiver, and my heart would beat first fast and then slow. Some nights I would walk the floor until midnight, afraid to go to sleep. Medication gave me no relief. After I was saved, before I heard any preaching along this line, as I was crossing the Chesapeake Bay, I was reading a magazine called "In His Steps". The theme of the story was "What Would Jesus Do" in various situations. I was chewing tobacco when all at once the Holy Spirit asked me, "Would Jesus chew tobacco?". I stopped chewing and answered, "No!". I walked to the side of the boat and said, "Lord, if you will take the craving for tobacco away from me, I will throw it overboard". As I threw the weed overboard, the crave went with it, and now after some sixty years, not only has the desire no hold on me, but the Lord has healed me of what the doctors could not.

Since I did not know anything about the Bible, I would go out into the woods and lay my Bible on the ground. Spelling the words, I would ask God what it meant, and He would help me. By this method I learned to read a whole chapter.

Though my father was a church member, I had never heard him pray. One day, after asking permission, I started

the first family altar that was ever erected in our home. As the Lord began to speak to me and call me into further service, I would go more frequently into the woods and, after praying, try to preach to the trees.

In the little town where I used to go when I was an unsaved boy to dance and entertain the young people, there were three stores and a few houses. Our fun making lasted into the night, but now I felt as though I wanted to entertain them in a different way. With a friend of mine, who had recently been saved and was full of zeal for the Lord, I rented an old empty house for four dollars a month, laid some boards across some upturned peach baskets, set a goods box up for our pulpit, placed oil lamps around for light, got some old song books, and started meetings. Nearly all of the old crowd came to hear us, one of them remarking to me, "I believe you are a good boy now." The Lord gave us good success until my partner had the opportunity of attending college and becoming a Methodist preacher.

Soon after this I got married, and my wife and I lived with my father and stepmother. Later I built a home, and our first child, Willie, was born about eighteen months after we were married. About this time I read in a paper called "God's Revivalist" about God's Bible School, and feeling the leadings of the Lord to sell our house, we got a room in Cincinnati, Ohio, working with my tools and going to school in the day and studying at night. It was my joy to learn more about the Bible, and everything went well for a while until my wife was taken sick. I talked with Sister Storey, the head of the school, about my wife's illness, and she advised me that it would be best if we went home where we could take better care of my wife, and I could finish my school work by taking a home study course. After returning home my wife began to fail, and after three years of suffering, being bedfast for some time toward the last, she died, leaving me to find a good home for our one small child, William R. Clough, until I could do otherwise. That summer I went to Denton Camp, heard a holiness preacher, went to the altar and sought for a clean

heart. God wonderfully sanctified me and took out what Paul called "The old man of sin", "The old nature". Returning home on the train it seems as though the train wheels on the track sounded like voices of men and women crying, "My God, My God," and all at once I could see their hands reaching to me for help. This bothered me greatly. I got up, walked down the coach, and sitting down beside Jim MacFarland, a brother in the Lord who had a lot of faith, I told him what I had seen and heard. He looked at me and said, "Brother Ed, the Lord is calling you to a special work." I couldn't understand what that would be then, but a few days after I returned home, I was on my way to Baltimore City to be a missionary.

CHAPTER III

Results in Tract Ministry

I found a boarding house and got a job building houses. I sent to Cincinnati, Ohio, for a thousand tracts, receiving five hundred at a time, and some outdated "God's Revivalist" papers. The message of the tracts was, "The wicked shall be turned into Hell, and all nations that forget God." I began to give out these tracts and papers in the hospitals, going to beds, from ward to ward, to both men and women, papers. The message of the tracts was, "The wicked shall be turned into Hell and all nations that forget God." I began to give out these tracts and papers in the hospitals, going to beds, from ward to ward, to both men and women, and the hospital staff. I would return home through the slum section still giving out tracts. Some girls on the fourth floor of a building tied a string to a small basket and let it down for a tract to read. The crowded drinking and gambling places received the tracts also. I would give the people a tract, say, "The Lord bless you", smile and go on my way. If I had done any differently, I probably would have been beaten and roughly treated. Though I spent many late hours in the night working with the lost, I never had a single rough word spoken to me. Surely the Lord was with me.

One Sunday, on my way home, a man said to me, as I gave him a tract, "I would like to speak to you. I am a newspaper reporter from Washington." He showed me his identification and explained that he had lost all his money on a drinking spree. He said he had walked all night trying to find someone to help him, but no one would. The police wanted to lock him up. He asked me for money enough to call his brother, and he talked to him in a phone booth in the drugstore across the street. His brother then talked to me and asked me in what condition his brother was. I told him he was sober, tired, and hungry. Then the brother told me to send him home with my name and address, and he would pay me back for my trouble. I took the man across the street to the restaurant, got him a good meal, got his

ticket, and put him on the train for Washington, D. C. He seemed very grateful, and in a short time I got a letter inclosing the full amount of the cost just as he had promised. I said to a lawyer that a man like that does not need to be pushed into a station wagon, hauled down to the police station, and placed in jail. He needs a helping hand. We have a lot of "priests and levites" today similar to the ones that Jesus tells us about in the parable, but very few good Samaritans that are willing to give a helping hand. After this I moved to a different boarding house. The people there were nice folk, but unsaved. However, they had a daughter who was a fine Christian girl with whom I fell in love, and feeling the Lord would be pleased for me to take her as my help mate, since she loved the same work that I was doing, we were married.

CHAPTER IV

Dealing with a Witch

About this time I encountered a woman that the Bible would refer to as a witch, though we recognize them as fortune tellers. A man employed in the same work is called a wizard in the Bible. This woman, who lived in the same boarding house with us, said she wanted to be a Christian because she would like to get out of that type of business. She entered into witchcraft like thousands of others by attending the spiritualists' meetings. In order to become a medium and tell fortunes, she was required to go through "seven degrees" and in the last one, after she was ushered into a dark room, she recounted, "All at once there were seven candles lit. Around the room I saw human skeletons hanging by their heads, and a man standing before me with a dagger in his hand demanded that I take an oath to go backwards and curse God. That is how I sold my soul for twenty years to the Devil. Now I want to get back to the Lord and get out of this thing!" I was the only man in the room, so I explained to her the way of salvation. We all knelt in prayer, but as soon as she called on the name of Jesus, her jaws were locked and her fingers doubled up so that you could not straighten them. The women put her to bed as she became unconscious, and soon she began to froth blood at the mouth and seemed to lose her breath. We thought that she was gone, but she finally rallied. I laid her hand on my Bible and looked to the Lord for help. She had told us that because her twenty years were completed the Devil would kill her that night. She told us there would be a ring around her throat where the demons would choke her and a stab over her heart. After the Lord had delivered her, she sat up in bed and talked to us, and the women discovered the stab over her heart where the blood had seeped through her clothes.

After my wife and I moved into our Mission Home, this woman came and lived with us, working in a sewing factory. One night when she was out late, the Lord showed me in a dream that she had gone back to her old job. The next

morning at the breakfast table, I said to her, "Are you guilty or not?" She said, "How did you know?" Then she began to confess. She had given a sixteen year old girl some powder, performed an operation, and the girl and baby both died. She said in twenty years she had caused the death of four women and twenty-five babies. After she told me this, she gave me a murderous look as though, if she had a chance, she would murder me. I slipped out, got someone to watch her, brought two officers to the house, and went in and told her she was under arrest. When she stood before the judge with her story, he asked her if she was guilty. When she admitted it, he told her, "You get out of here, you are insane!" She went free without punishment, and we never saw her again.

CHAPTER V

A Samaritan in Baltimore

As the spring season came, we felt that we wanted a place to hold meetings, rented a three story house, got some chairs offered by a man who had gotten many of them from a church, arranged for their hauling by a Christian man who did so without charge, got some song books and began holding services.

One Sunday, on my way home from church, as I was walking through the "redlight" district giving out tracts, a girl standing in the doorway said as I handed her one, "That is what I need—better influence." I asked her to come and go with me, but she said she could not because she was trapped. I went in and told the landlady that I wanted this girl. Had I known the law I could have gotten the police to demand her release, but as it was, my wife and I got some clothes for the girl, also money to purchase her release. When we brought her to our home, we gave her the one bed that we had and slept on the floor for three weeks. The first night the girl cried all night, not wanting us to give up our bed for her. Not long after she entered our home she was saved.

She told us her home was in Parkersburg, West Virginia, and said she had met a young man who, after making love to her, asked her to come to Baltimore where he lived and marry him. He portrayed to her a beautiful city life, but soon she found that they had had a mock marriage. He brought her to this landlady from whom we purchased her.

She wanted to go home, so we took her to the depot, bought her a ticket, my wife gave her a pin which read "Jesus Only" and as we all cried, she boarded the train and bid us good-bye. Later we received a card from her telling us of her safe arrival. An institution hearing about the work we were doing, gave us six single beds. This gave us a good start, and we were thankful for this answer to prayer.

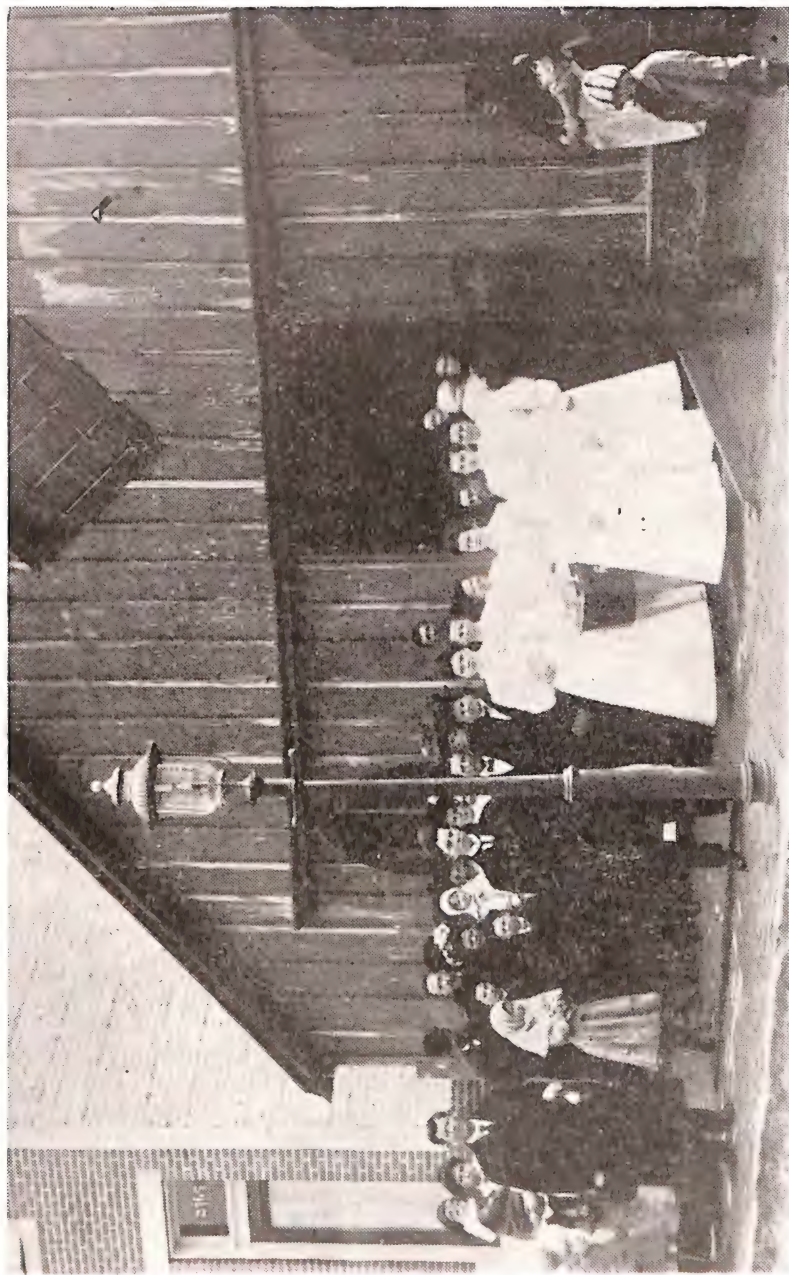
When the weather was good, we generally had a good crowd in our street meetings near the Mission. At the conclusion of the street meeting, we would all go inside the Mission for another service. One night a strange man came to me and asked me if I would go with him to pray for a very sick woman. We walked down a dark street and finally came to the place where he was living. When we walked into the back gate and into the kitchen door, we saw a poor girl sitting in a chair with her feet doubled under her. I thought as I looked at her, "She is a result of sin".

This woman had lived in a place called Rock Hall, Kent County, Maryland. One day she walked out, leaving her two children crying, got on a steamboat and went to Baltimore. Down in the slums she went from bad to worse until her health failed. Now she had been living with this man as his wife. After I returned home for my wife, we came back and got the girl and brought her to our rescue home. She soon improved enough to attend our meetings and was wonderfully saved and sanctified. However, about three months after she came to our home, she became ill again and was bedfast. One day she called us to her bedside and said, "After I am dead, I want you to make a wreath of thirty red roses to represent the years of living for the Devil, and one white rose in the center for the last year I lived for Jesus". Before she died her real husband came to see her, having received word from somewhere that she was here, and brought her two children. He forgave her and, with the children who were somewhat older now, enjoyed a happy time of reunion. They parted in peace and the husband and children returned home. They never saw each other again for she soon died. Her request was granted and after the funeral at the Mission Home we laid her to rest in Rock Hall Cemetery with the wreath upon the grave to await the return of our Master when He comes to catch away His bride.

We found an old building on the corner of Culver Road and Hollens Street that had been used for a church. Right next door to the building we rented a house for our rescue work. and across the street we rented another house for

ourselves. Sister Minnie Rattenberry was the matron of the home and a trained nurse. Sister Mamie Elliott Moffit was her able assistant, and these ladies were wonderfully used of the Lord.

Right after we moved into our Rescue Home, we were able to help one girl who had been trapped in Atlanta, Georgia, by the landlady herself, and brought to Baltimore. Those engaged in the white slavery traffic would frequent the parks and recreational places in the early spring and look for some country girl that is by herself. This landlady had made the trip to Georgia herself in order to find a girl for her establishment. She soon learned that this girl had no mother and was keeping house for her father. She made friends with the girl and portrayed to her a prosperous city life where she could make enough money to help her father. When the landlady returned home, through correspondance arrangements were made even with the ticket agent to purchase her ticket on the train. When she arrived in Baltimore, the landlady met her and soon after, the girl realized that she was trapped. The colored boy, when she told him why she was crying, made arrangements with her for her to escape. He said, "Every morning I unlock the door at a quarter of nine for the ice. Tomorrow morning I'll unlock the door and go to the kitchen." The next morning when she ran out on the street and screamed, the police heard her and took her to the station house. Our workers heard about the girl and brought her to the Mission. The State put a detective on the case, raided the home, got all the corresponding letters, proved the truth about the girl in court and closed the house. They sent for the ticket agent to witness against the landlady, gave her ten years in a Maryland penitentiary, and we sent the girl home to her father. That is only one girl while there are still hundreds that are lost. It is a pathetic thing that more are not out hunting the lost sheep that are gone astray. The Bible tells us to go out into the highways, streets, and lanes of the city and compel them to come. The truth of the Bible when It says, "We are all, like sheep, gone astray", is intensified when we realize that sheep cannot find their



My first funeral was of a rescue girl. The pallbearers were Minnie Rattenberry, the matron, and Mamie Elliott, assistant, and the other four girls were rescue girls.—Mission in Baltimore, Maryland

way back. If we do not seek them, they will probably never return, for they are lost.

The second girl I want to mention was a Jewess. One day our workers were out doing Mission work and found this girl that had been put off into a room to die. Her health was gone, she had spent the limit in sin. Authorities tell us that the average life of this kind is from six to ten years, and that many times TB claims many of them for victims. The Bible tells us that if we sow to the flesh, we shall of the flesh reap corruption.

They brought this girl to the Rescue Home and gave her a private room. She was ignorant of the Bible and of Jesus, who could save her from sin. The Jews as a whole have never accepted Jesus as their Savior. The Christian folks were good to her, many times coming to the home to visit and bring her something to eat or flowers. With tears in her eyes she would express her amazement at these Gentiles treating her so wonderfully, and through this experience she was led to the Lord. One Saturday night Jesus spoke to me in a dream and informed me that this girl would be gone in twenty-four hours, and that He wanted both wife and I to be there when she died. The next morning, Sunday, as we were going to church, next door to the Rescue Home, I stopped and inquired how the sick girl was. The matron said she was better, and that she had faith to believe she was going to recover. I said, "In twenty-four hours she will be gone", and was so sure I was right that my wife and I stayed all night. About twelve at night she became worse and began to pray, "Oh, Lord, please give me one hour's rest", and after four hours of praying, she fell off to sleep, slept one hour and awoke. We saw a change, and I asked her if she would like wife to play a song and sing for her. When she answered yes, my wife played and sang "We'll never say good-bye in Heaven". and "Jesus, Lover of my soul". The old songs will never lose their sweetness. It seemed as though the angels came into that room, and in a few minutes she was gone. We felt that she had made the landing safely, so we went downstairs and called the Jewish Benevolence Society who had asked me to let them know when she died. After I made the call,

we knelt down, and in prayer told the Lord that we had no money to bury her. As we were praying the phone rang, and the charity people on the other end of the line told us that they would pay all expenses. Again we knelt, but this time our prayer was one of thanksgiving. Returning home that night we found a fifty dollar money order for the rescue work and cried for joy. At this service I preached my first funeral message, and the Rabbi closed the service at the grave in the special place that they have in their cemetery for burying those that are fallen.

GO LEAD THEM TODAY

Oh pity the erring;
How little we know
Their moments of anguish,
Their burden of woe;
Oh think of them kindly;
God's creatures are they;
To Him, their Redeemer,
Go lead them today.

From those who have wandered
Why turn we aside?
There's hope for the erring,
Since Jesus has died;
Go lift up the fallen;
God's message obey;
To Him who will save them,
Go lead them today.

O rescue the erring
From sin and despair;
They need our protection,
Our kindness and care;
Go plead with them gently,
God's lost ones are they;
Go bring them to Jesus,
Go lead them to-day.

Selected

We did our best to help out, and when we finally organized the Rescue Home, I handed everything over to the board. They were good people, but not one of them had the call or the vision for the work. They took everything out of our hands, changed the home and got another place and another matron. They eliminated the assistant and just had one to take charge of the home. This matron had no calling for the work at all. I would never have organized, but a student from God's Bible School stopped in the home one day and saw how well we were getting along. He, with the best of intentions, told me that I ought to organize and have a board.

Before we organized, we had rules in the home and stood by them. Every morning the matron or her assistant got the girls all together and had family worship. The Bible was read, and then awhile was spent in prayer. All mail, going out or coming in, was read by the matron, and none of the old lovers were allowed to visit the home. When one of the girls went out, the matron or her assistant went with them. The new matron allowed the girls to go out by themselves, and eventually the rules were changed. The enemy got in, and finally it got so bad that they had to close the home. I was heartsick.

Now I was working with my tools doing carpenter work. I had nineteen houses going up at one time with eighteen men working for me. My wife started a small store, and we got along well for awhile. The houses that we were building were brick, but I had the contract to do the wood work. Just a while before I got through, the man we were working for failed, and I was taken down with a gathered hand and could work no longer. We also failed in the store, so within three weeks, we lost job, store and all we had.

We packed our trunk with all our clothes and took the steamboat for our home in Queen Anne County near Centreville, Maryland. Somehow our trunk got lost and we did not have a change of clothing for two weeks. Here I was with a gathered hand and blood poisoning about to set in. I went down and hit the bottom hard. I said that if the

Good Lord would let us prosper like we had prospered, we might have forgotten Him. He knew what was best.

After my hand healed, I was stricken with what they used to call neuralgia, for about three weeks. I thought I would lose my mind because of it. My wife took in sewing from the sewing factory, and we rented two rooms until I improved. One day, the Lord healed my body, as he healed Job. From that day until now, I have never had anything like that affliction. I could say, still like Job, "The Lord Giveth and The Lord Taketh Away; Blessed Be the Name of The Lord!" The fact was that I had got out of Divine Order and the Good Lord was trying to get me back. He did not call me to make money and get rich, but he said, "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His Righteousness and all things shall be added unto you." He had promised to supply all our needs and not all our wants.

I was soon back to work and back to Baltimore, Maryland. I got a job with my tools doing carpenter work and building houses. We both thought we would start a little store again, since my wife wanted to do something to help.

CHAPTER VI

The Pastorate at Cambridge

We were getting along well when we received a call to Cambridge, Maryland, to be a pastor over a small group of saints. We accepted the call for we felt it was of the Lord. The people that bought our store made one payment and promised to send the balance to us. They never did send the rest, so we lost all the remaining balance.

We loaded our furniture on the steamboat on Saturday, and arrived in Cambridge on Sunday morning. Some of the members met us at the steamboat wharf and took us home with them. We had a fine breakfast, and got ready for church. We had a hearty welcome and felt that the Lord was there. There were less than twenty members in this church, but they all seemed to love the Lord.

The next day, Monday, we got a house and moved into it. This was in August, 1912. The place where we worshipped had been a machine shop. As yet they had no church building. Starting wages were eight to nine dollars a week. Since I was used to making good money, this was quite a reduction. Yet, I felt the Lord was in it, so I did right well until the fall of the year. My wife got a job in a store of one of the members, and that helped out a great deal. It was getting on toward winter now, and we needed some clothes for colder weather. Things began to look dark. I got a job with a contractor, named Charley Brohorn, and his two brothers who worked together.

Though Charley Brohorn is dead now, his two brothers, Sammy and Mace, operating the largest contracting firm in Cambridge, Maryland, would stand by me as their brother did while he lived. If they knew that I needed help, they would send it by the earliest mail or bring it in person. This has been proved by their kindness extending over a period of forty years in which they have come to my aid with many a dollar. A picture of me has hung in their office for all of this time. "A friend in need is a friend indeed."

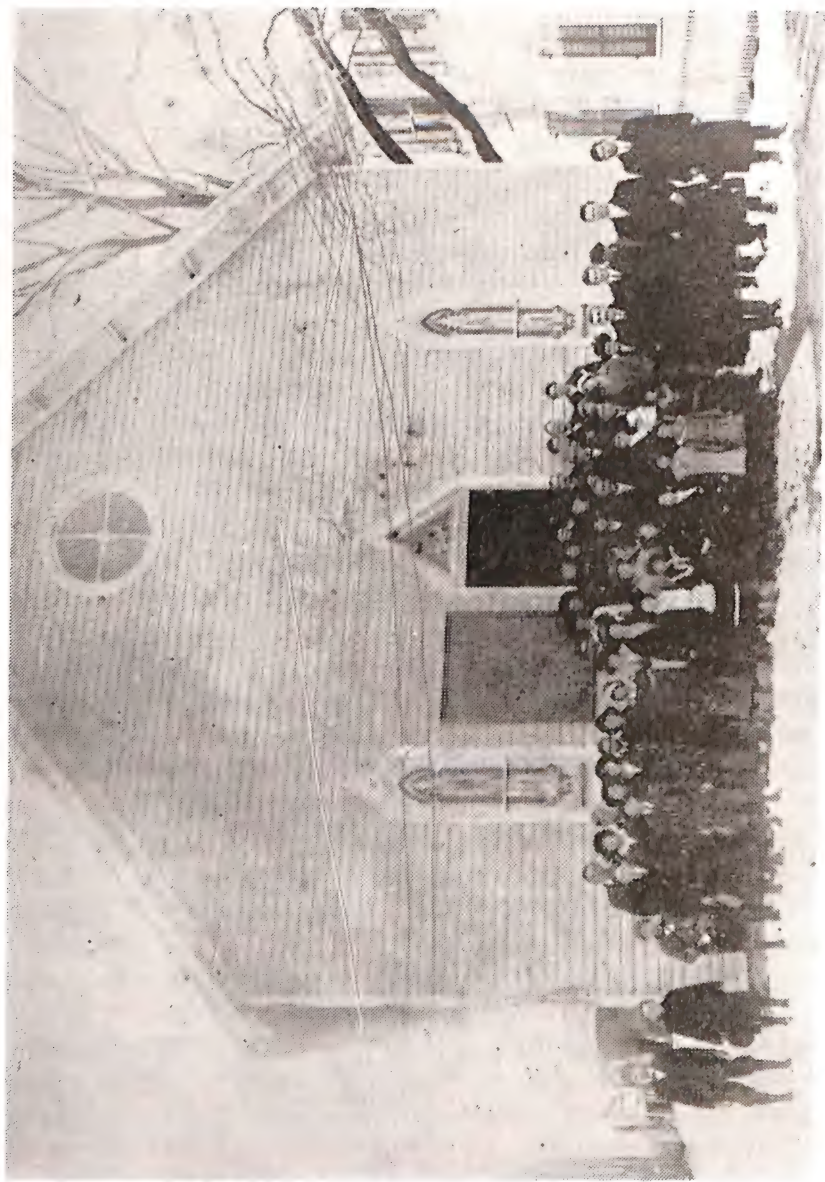
I was beginning to feel better along about Christmas when another dark spell came over us. I went into a room,

closed the door, got on my knees and said, "Lord, I believe I have made a mistake." I had not prayed long before the Lord spoke to me and said, "I want you to build a church." In a moment the mist cleared away, and I, feeling the relief, got up. When I came downstairs, I called for a board meeting and said to them, "I have faith that we can have a church before July." One of the members of the board said, "That is more faith than I have got, but I am with you."

The first of January, 1913, they drew up a note for \$100.00 and signed it. I got the money out of our bank and began looking for a building lot for a church. We found a fine one located on the corner of Race and Washington Streets, belonging to a lady named Mrs. Clash. She was rather wealthy, owning a number of houses in town. I went to see her about this lot and told her what I wanted with it. She said that there had been a number of people that wanted it, but she would not sell it to them. However, she said, she would let me have it for a church for \$500.00. Since we did not have the money to buy it, we leased it for \$30.00 a year. This is what the interest would be on \$500.00 at six per cent for one year. We had the little band incorporated, the lease drawn up in court for ninety-nine years with the option to buy within six years at the original price.

We started to build. There were many Friday nights when I would not have the money to pay the men; but some way by noon Saturday the money would be supplied. We were always able to pay every man before Saturday night, though, more than once I would beg my rent money—a quarter here and there.

By the last of June we had our church finished and got Rev. H. J. Olson, who was pastor in Baltimore, Maryland, to come over and dedicate our church. This was the first Holiness Church that had ever been built in Cambridge, Maryland. That was a happy day—from a machine shop to a new church. An old Methodist church had been torn down in East Cambridge, and we bought the stained glass windows, the double doors, the pulpit, altar rail, and



First Pilgrim Holiness Church built in Cambridge, Maryland—1913—Revival, Rev. Chas. Slater, Evangelist

chairs, for less than \$200.00. It all seemed to come from the Hand of the Lord.

We were a happy crowd. It seemed that the Lord was there at every service. One of our members remarked that he could even feel the presence of the Lord as he drove his horse to the team shed located in the back of the church.

All the balance of that year was wonderful. The first of January, 1914, a Revival broke out and ran for two months. Forty people got saved before we sent for Rev. Charlie Slater to come and help us. One hundred got saved after he came. All together, there were one hundred and forty that got into the Kingdom at this time. When Brother Slater came, he said, "I did not come to bring a Revival; I came to help in yours." We had Heaven on earth, and Heaven with which to go to Heaven. To me they were the happiest days of my life or, I might say, one of the happiest times of my church life. The tide seemed to continue to come until we had flood tide.

The next spring, 1914, was one of the saddest times of my life. My wife, who had stood so faithfully by me in the work of the Lord, became ill in the church one Sunday morning playing the organ, with an inward rupture and was carried to the Cambridge Hospital. A professor from Baltimore came over, but though they did all that could be done, the next Sunday she had gone to Heaven. With all of her suffering, she died happy, seeing the beauties of Heaven. Just before she left us, she called the names of the beautiful flowers by name that she seemed to see. Such names I have never heard, and such language seemed not of this world. I cannot tell anyone how I felt. She was such a wonderful help to me, playing almost any kind of music, knowing how to pray and to get around young people. Many times our house was filled with the young folks.

We had heard some preach that it was a sin to carry insurance on yourself, because you would not be trusting the Lord, so we had given ours up, not wanting to be a stumbling block to anyone. It was not long after this that my wife went to Heaven. There was no money to pay the undertaker, so I had to go in debt. Rev. Ashley, pastor of

the Holiness Church in Trappe, Maryland, conducted the funeral service in the church. We took her body to Baltimore, Maryland, where her people lived; had another service; took her body to the cemetery in Baltimore and laid her away to wait for the Return of the Dear Lord when He comes to catch away His bride.

I went back, had a sale, and sold my house goods to pay my wife's funeral expenses. Brother Charley Griffin, one of the old charter members of the Pilgrim Holiness Church of Trappe, Maryland, gave me ten dollars. He was also a member of the council for years, but he has gone now to be with his Saviour.

It was not a very easy thing for me to get in that pulpit to preach and to look across to the old organ where my dear wife used to sit. If it had not been for the help of the Dear Lord, I could not have done it. In my Bible He says, "My Grace is sufficient for you," and I had a chance to prove it.

The Lord sent someone else to help me. I met her at a convention where she was with her Uncle Harvey Adams. Coming back with them, I sat on the back seat with my future wife, and I do not remember passing a word to her all the way, though. It was a number of miles. I leaned over the back seat and talked to Rev. Adams the whole distance and bid them both goodbye with not a thought that she would ever be my wife.

We had a tent meeting in Cambridge, where I was pastor, and this lady, Miss Elizabeth Carroll, who is my wife now, came over from Trappe to the meeting, from her home in a boat, and I walked with her to the lady's house, who was a friend of hers, where she was going to stay. She was the first one with whom I had even walked down the street after my wife died. As we walked along and talked, I fell in love with her. I knew her fine people well. Her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Brainard Carroll, were two Godly people, Charter members of the Pilgrim Holiness Church of Trappe, Maryland, and well liked by everyone.

We soon decided and were married by her uncle, Rev.

Harvey Adams, the man that brought me home from the convention, August 5, 1915. She has been a real wife to me, not marrying me to fill my other wife's place but to fill hers, and in this she has done an excellent job. She has so wonderfully filled her place both in the home and in the church; has been well liked by almost everybody; and has helped me many times to pray things through when everything seemed hard, and the way seemed hard and the way seemed dark. Some have said the darkest hour is just before the dawn, and my wife is one who believed in holding on until she heard from Heaven. She has always been one to deal with seekers around the altar, has helped to pray many a sinner through, and then helped them to shout the victory and to praise the Lord. She has been one to carry a smile with a heavy heart, and one who has carried the burden for souls.

We had two children born to us, a girl named Margaret and a boy, Edward Brainard. He was named after his grandfather Carroll, who was my wife's father. Both children were born in Cambridge Hospital, in Maryland.

We had some great meetings here and did a lot of charity work. There was one boy of particular interest that I got started to Sunday school. I used to go and get him and then carry him home. Today Reverend Birdsal Bell is a preacher of the Gospel.

The Episcopal people helped me with my charity work. Two of their members, Dr. Goldsboro's daughter, Mrs. Lenere and Mrs. Bailey, wife of the leading lawyer of this town, supplied me with the things I needed. They paid my way to New York City to the conference that was held in Mrs. Field's Home, on Madison Square. This family of Fields, was responsible for the cable laid across the Atlantic Ocean, and she was worth millions. Her home was a palace with her front door and open stairway of black walnut. There were thousands of dollars of wealth in that home, but with it all she loved the Lord. Everything in that home had a Bible verse on it—the clock on the mantle, the bed bolster case, pillow cases, and the towel you dried your face on. Every place you looked. there was a motto or a

Bible verse. In their meetings, their teacher would talk to us out of the Bible. Here I learned to read my Bible. There were many times previously when I would read two or three chapters without stopping, not remembering what I read. The teacher or preacher that was in charge, would start in with, say the fifteenth chapter of St. John, and read one verse at a time stopping after each one to explain. Each meeting would last about two hours or more.

Mrs Fields had missions of her own with someone to run them and her Bible School. She even furnished me with my spending money. I got acquainted with a Quaker Brother, who wanted to take me up into the city. He took me to Rev. A. B. Simpson's place, showed me his Tabernacle, and then I met Rev. Simpson. My Quaker friend subscribed for their paper, The Alliance Weekly, for one year and got me a nice Bible. He then carried me to a large concern where they print Bibles, and introduced me to the manager. I sat in that trolley car, and tears ran down my cheeks. I said, "One day I was a poor, bound-out boy, sleeping on a straw bed, with not even a pillow under my head, given limited food at the table, and today I am a guest in a millionaire's home. I felt that I was well-paid for all that I had done.

CHAPTER VII

The Guiding of the Spirit

We finally left Cambridge and going back to Baltimore, rented a place and prepared to go into the mission work. A dear brother, who was in business there, helped me to get started out. It seemed that I was out of Divine Order again. I was out of a church, and I wanted to do something for the Lord. A dear Christian Brother, Louis Wingate of Cambridge and his wife went with us. He was saved in my home, sanctified in my home and married in in my home, so they were very dear to us. We both got work, together, and one day as we were tearing down a large idle pottery plant—where they made china, we ran into trouble. The china was first moulded and then placed in this large oven shaped like a jug, twenty feet wide and twenty feet high. The outside wall was a double thickness of brick, and fire brick formed the inside wall. The top was arched over to form a chimney. The brick floor had holes in it so the heat could rise when fires were built under the floor and brought to a white heat. The pottery was baked continually here for three days and nights. I started tearing down the top. As I broke the arch bands with a large crowbar, tons of brick fell, breaking the girder under me. I fell with the brick to the bottom floor. The crash was so loud that the fire company, three blocks away, thought that it was an explosion. The dust was so great, the men thought I was buried in the brick. When the dust cleared, I was sitting on top without even a scratch, but was so un-nerved that I had to go home without working the rest of the day.

It was not long after, that we moved back to Trappe, Maryland, where my wife's people lived. Her uncle that married us, Rev. Harvey Adams, her father and mother, and all their family and several families of her people lived there. My wife's father and mother lived a few miles down in the country on a place called the old Branberry Farm. It was right on the Choptank River where all the children were born—three boys and four girls. Her father had

bought a gristmill and a home in Trappe. Now they had moved there, and were running the mill.

Brother Adams and myself started a Revival in a country church in Bozman, which was below Easton, Maryland. We worked all day and drove back and forth every night. Brother Adams preached Sunday nights, Tuesday nights, and Thursday nights, and I took the other services on Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights. On Friday night there were thirteen boat loads of people that came from the Island and others from nearby in cars. They filled the church, and there was a large crowd outside. It was my night to preach, and I used the text, "Who Is My Neighbor". Twenty-one came to the altar that night, and thirteen prayed through. We had a wonderful Revival.

We went and made plans to hold a meeting at a vacant church at a place called Windy Hill. The Lord gave us a good meeting. We started a Sunday School and later bought the church.

There was another church in another town called Hillsboro, Maryland, which was a wonderful work, but for some reason it began to die until one or two of the members would go out to the church, sit on the church steps and if no one would come, they would go back home. We talked to some of the members about holding a Revival, and they were glad to do it. We got ready, started in and it was not long before we had a church and gallery full. At that meeting, we had sixty that got saved (some of which are still saved) and some sanctified.

My wife and I then moved to Easton, Maryland, and I pastored Windy Hill and Hillsboro. It was about fifteen miles to each church, and I did not have any way of travel, since I always went around with Brother Adams. Seeing this need I got a second-hand Ford for about \$60.00. I did not know anything about a car, so I went out into an open field, the ground being hard, and there I learned to drive a car. I had plenty of room, and soon learned to drive it well enough to get my license. I would drive to Hillsboro in the morning and Windy Hill at night, a distance of about sixty miles that day and night. Later we moved to

Hillsboro and from there moved to Wilmington, Delaware, where an old brother that had been in the mission work some time, feeling he was too old to do much now, wanted me to go ahead and run it. This I did for awhile until we had a call to Sunbury, Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER VIII

The Fertile Field among the Pennsylvania Dutch

We accepted and moving there we found a fine group of saints. They had a nice church, and everything was moving along well. They were Pennsylvania Dutch, and loved the Lord. There was one thing I discovered about them—they were not deceitful. If they loved you, you would know it—if they did not, you would know it just the same.

We did not try to make them adapt themselves to our way, but we just fell in line with them. They would get blessed in German, and we would get blessed in English. It was all the same kind of blessing, and we had a good time with them. Our home was right across the street from the church, although a while later they built a parsonage.

One night a big gristmill caught on fire. Previously the lady next door said she could not go to church because she had trouble with her feet. The night of the fire, I got up at midnight, dressed and off I went to the fire. Who should I overtake but this woman, who though she could not go to church because of her feet, now was on her way to the fire.

The fire plugs were numbered for a purpose. We will say this water plug was number 45. The fire alarm would ring four and five—indicating number 45 plug. When the fire was out, they would ring twice indicating the fire was out. Sometimes there would be a general alarm. I said that is about the way we run our Revivals. We blow four and five—that means 45 plug. We are starting a Revival. We run it two weeks. Then we blow two whistles—indicating the fire's all out. That means the Revival is all over. What we need is a general alarm, a Revival that would cause people to forget their lame feet, desires and many other little excuses that people use to stay away from church.

We had many good meetings; a number saved, sanctified, and healed. We had street meetings every Saturday night that the weather permitted. This Saturday night was outstanding above any we had ever had. We had a very large crowd in a very good place. Right across the corner

from us was a large hotel, owned by the mayor's father and the mayor himself had his office in it. While we were all singing and having a good time, one sister got blessed, shouted her hair down her back and gave a scream. In a very short time, the whole corner was blocked so no one could get by. Two policemen came in and tried to open up the crowd, so that cars could get by, and they had a time for a while. At last they sent me to the mayor's office. I walked in that hotel and asked where the mayor was. One man said to me, "I am he. Reverend, you gave me a lot of trouble tonight. I had to have two policemen to open up the traffic. Can't you go down to another corner. This corner was not a very good place to have a street meeting." I said, "Mayor, we are the salt of the earth, and I want to salt this end of town." "You would miss us if we left here." Then he said, "Go ahead and do the best you can, and if I can help you, I will be glad to." He wrote out a check for \$35.00 and gave it to me. A short time after, he gave me another check for \$25.00 which gave me \$60.00, and we kept the corner. We still had good street meetings. If we had more of them, it would help get the Gospel to the thousands that never enter a church.

About three miles across the Susquehanna River we had a large camp ground. During the three or four years I served as chairman of that camp, I built a six-room house to accomodate a caretaker who looked after the ground. They have built a number of cottages on the ground since then, and today it is a large camp. I remember one night when I was there the meeting ran until two o'clock in the morning. The presence of the Lord was so great that some fell out under the Power of the Lord. I cannot forget those days. One Sunday afternoon, we had a healing service, and there were seventy-two that came to the altar for healing, and a number were healed. We had a notice in the paper, and a great crowd came. At the same time there were people to the altar to be moved. God is the same today.

We did a lot of charity work among needy families. I want to mention one particular family that lived just out of town. They had a fire and lost everything they had. Be-

cause they did not live within the city limits, the charity association refused to help. When I found it out, I exposed the whole thing in our town paper. They referred to me with large headlines as, "Papa Clough." I did not have a phone then, so I gave my street and house number. One person nearby took down thirty names of people who wanted me to come and get clothes, and a whole load of house goods was offered me. The paper took a lot of names down, also and I hauled off-cast clothes for two weeks. I supplied them up with a six-room house and everything they needed. While they were getting settled, we took two of the children into our house. They both were nearly sick with colds, and that night my wife gave them both a hot water bath, rubbed them with Vicks, and put a hot water bottle to their feet. During the night, the striped hot water bottle fell out on the floor, and when the little boy got up in the morning, he saw the bottle on the floor, ran downstairs and said, "Mrs., come quick! There is a tortoise in my room." It was all new to him that night. When my wife gave them a hot bath, and rubbed them with Vicks, he looked up into my wife's face and said, "Mrs., do you do this every night?" Two of the others had to go to the hospital.

I could not tell you how many different things I got for them. There were over thirty comforters, bushels of shoes, everything from baby shoes to men's suits complete, and women's dresses. I gave out that winter over a thousand pieces of clothing. We packed up one hundred and thirty-five pieces of clothes in a barrel and sent it up into the mountains to needy families.

This family that we just spoke of got a place in the country, a small farm. We helped them to move near the spring of the year, as it was just beginning to thaw out. We got stuck in the mud at the bottom of the mountain where the house was, and after we got unloaded, had to stay all night. When we got ready for our supper, I had the job of slicing bread for thirteen mouths, buttering each slice. That was before we got too lazy to slice it ourselves and could get it all sliced at the bakery. The next morning they

looked for the broom, discovering they had forgotten it, I had to roll up a piece of bed ticking and sweep the whole house. The man's wife was taken sick, so my wife and I got a pail of water, some rags and scrubbed that whole house. After we got through, they got a pair of horses, pulled the car to the top of the mountain, and we came on back to Sunbury. That is only a few things we did in our charity work. To me it is a great work, badly needed and badly neglected. This is what Job meant when he said, "He was eyes to the Blind, and feet to the lame."

When we first went to Sunbury, we had no way to get around, so I bought a bicycle for \$9.00. I would push it up the mountain and ride down on the other side to see our country people. A little later I bought about a 1920 Model T Ford car for \$75.00. We would ride along with the curtains flopping, having tried to tie them down the best we could. Sometimes our gas would get low, and the car would not climb the mountains except in reverse. It seemed if the gas tank got about half empty, it would not feed up to the engine.

We had quite a few experiences with our old Ford. One time we went to Niagara Falls with my wife, sister and her girl friend. On our way back, all at once the car stopped. I got out and cranked the motor, but it sounded like every bearing was gone. I got someone to pull me to a garage, and I said, "Dear Lord, help this car." I put a quart of oil in her, turned the crank, and she started off as if every bearing were new. We got along well, but before we got home our lights went out, and my wife had to hold a flashlight outside of the car, so I could see where I was going. At last we got home safe.

We had many great experiences while we were there, and the people were very good to us. When we had a call to Dover, Delaware, and gave our resignation, they hesitated to accept it, since they did not want us to leave them. It is a precious memory to think of the good times we had in old Sunbury, in the church, the street meetings, camp times and our charity work with the business men of that town. Just before we left, I went around among all the

businesses that I dealt with, the stores, and the banks, and bid them all goodbye. Everyone said, "Reverend, we will never forget your smiles."

I am just giving some of the main things that we did and that happened, since it was one of the best fields of labor in which I have ever worked. They were one of the most charitable people as a whole to help in time of need. I had a pull on that city of Sunbury, Pennsylvania, and I hated to leave.

CHAPTER IX

The Great Reaping at Dover

We moved to Dover, Delaware, and started in our new field of labor, where my wife's father and mother were in business. They ran an auction, selling horses, mules, cows, hogs, poultry of all kinds, and many other things that the people brought there to sell. Every Friday about ten o'clock it would begin and run all day. My wife would help her mother at mealtime in the restaurant, for the people to get something to eat.

They had built a new church, right on a corner of New and Reed Streets, with the parsonage behind the church on Reed Street. I started out to visit the members and to find where they all lived, the visitors of the church, the Sunday School folks, the parents of the Sunday School scholars, and then hunt up those that did not go to any Sunday school at all. I soon built up a nice school. I would go out Saturday and hunt them. On Sunday morning I would start early to get them to church. Sometimes I have gone as far as four miles from the church to get them and take them home after Sunday School. I have had to hunt up clothes sometimes for them to be able to come to church.

We started street meetings as soon as it was warm enough to be on the street, and we had some wonderful services there. One night while we were having a meeting, two young men were walking down the street, and heard us singing and clapping our hands. It seemed to attract them, and they came to our meeting. At first, they stood off and looked on. When they came closer, we walked over to them and invited them to our church. They began attending our church regularly. Soon we started our camp. These two men told their people about us, and one night during camp, seventeen of the connected family, counting mother, brothers, wives, sisters, uncles and aunts, came to the altar at one time, and all joined our church. Now one of these two men was named Charles Baker, and the other was named Grier. Grier married my wife's sister, and they had two girls born in their family. The oldest

girl was named Dorothy, who married a young man named Charles Lewis. The youngest daughter, Ruth Ann, married a young man named Charles Cooper. Charles Baker married Jim Thompson's daughter, Lida, and they had a daughter born in the family named Doris. She married a young man named John Wiktorchik. Now all five of these young men are ordained ministers, all five are pastors and best of all, they all know the Lord and are fine preachers. I am trying to show the reader what happened from a street meeting.

On one occasion the mayor of the town sent me a letter telling me to close our church before ten o'clock. It seemed that the neighbors were finding fault. We were making such noises they could not sleep. I took the letter that he sent to me and went to see him on Saturday afternoon. He had just gotten home from the ball game when I rang the door bell. When he came to the door and invited me in, I introduced myself and told him that I had received his letter. "Well, he said, "I am sorry to interfere with your church services, but the neighbors are complaining about the noise's keeping them awake late at night." I said to him, "Well, Mayor, the ball crowd can make a homerun, and you can hear them for squares, and that is all right. An old show can come here Saturday, stay till midnight, move out Sunday morning, and nothing is said. I am here for the betterment of our town." He said, "Go ahead, Reverend, and do the best you can." So on Sunday night we had a large crowd out.

The meeting started off on high tide, and it was not long before someone got blessed. I said, "Lord, give us an outpouring," and soon the folks began to march up and down the aisle singing and shouting at the same time. People on the outside were looking in the windows, when I said to someone, "Go open those doors and let them look in." I never heard anymore about the mayor, though it was nothing out of the ordinary to have a time like that. Many times people would come to the altar before preaching and sometimes we had no preaching at all. We have had so many seekers at the altar that we would not get out until



First Young People's Rally held in the Eastern District at camp ground, Camden, Delaware—1929

twelve o'clock or later. We had Tuesday night prayer meeting, Thursday old fashioned class meetings, and Friday night, young people's meeting. Many times we would have seekers Saturday night on the street, Sunday morning and Sunday night at the church.

We had Brother R. G. Flexon for a real revival. Brother Flexon said, "We had a real Pentecost". One Sunday it ran all day, so that some never got dinner or supper. It was a real all day's meeting with thirty some at the altar. At this revival we had a Baptism service with more than twenty baptized. The revival went for ten days without a break. We cannot forget those days.

I do not believe that the days of the revivals are gone. I believe if we pay the price, we will get the result. A little later, Rev. S. C. Rees, who was our general superintendent, planned to go to foreign fields. He got as far as New York, and for some reason came back and stopped to our house. He said to me, "Brother Clough, if it suits, I can give you a three-day convention." This was in the spring of 1931. I am copying out of his book just as it is written in Dover, Delaware, on the closing day of the meeting.

"On the closing day (he writes) more than thirty seekers were at the altar, and nearly all tunneled through in the old-time manner. One whole family was converted, sinners repented and shouted the victory; to see sixteen come through at one clip, is a sight for angels to behold and cause devils to turn pale. I love Brother Clough (the pastor), but that is not all; I like him; I like his spirit. I like his brief announcements. He does not repeat and then exhort until it is too late to preach. I like his easy quiet way of taking an offering . . . I like him because he gets me to preaching before the congregation goes to sleep. One preacher exhorted so much with his announcements that strangers thought that was the sermon and got up and went home. Brother Clough did not speel and spill until it was too late to preach. Brother, take the hint; go and do thou likewise." I copied this out of his life story written by Rev. Paul S. Rees. We had another all-day meeting where some did not get dinner or supper. It was another Pentecost. This church turned out more preachers than the whole district for which we give God all the Glory.

During our stay in Dover, there were a large number saved, sanctified and a number healed in their bodies.

I want to mention the old Camden Camp. When we first went to Dover, some of the members took us out to this camp ground. There was nothing standing but the old Tabernacle. All of the cottages had been torn down, seats all gone, and there were no lights on the grove. Here was a lovely grove of seventeen acres of beautiful large shade trees. This place has a wonderful history. Bishop Asbury, the Bishop of the Methodist Church of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, held the first conference there. I got the history of this camp, and I am giving it as it is here, copied out of the book of the record.

1806. Let me just give you the report of the old Camden Camp in 1806 and you will see that God is still on the throne and the same today.

"June 15 the Camp Meeting began near Dover. For several days we had been preparing seats for six thousand persons. The people came in crowds. There were four hun-

dred tents, wagons and carts within the enclosure. Some slept in wagons, others in carts.

On Thursday, John Chalmers, an old warrior, opened the campaign from Exod. 14:15, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." They did go forward with banner flying, and a shout was heard along the ranks of our Israel. The work of revival commenced in a powerful manner under the first sermon, and continued through the night. There were sixty-eight converted and twenty-nine sanctified. Glory to the Highest.

On Friday night at eight o'clock, Bro. Lawrence McCombs preached on 2 Cor. 4:5. He had a powerful voice, and was an admirable man to preach at camp meetings. Bro. Kendall preached in the afternoon. On Saturday A.M., Daniel Chambers preached. Joshua Wells preached in the afternoon from Psalms 87:3, and William Lacy at night from Isaiah 33:16. The work went on all night.

Sabbath was a high day in Zion. There were about ten thousand people on the ground. In the A.M., Samuel Coate on John 3:17. John Chalmers preached in the afternoon, and Bro. Ridgeway at night. One hundred ninety-eight were converted, and one hundred sixty sanctified during the day. The work continued all night, and one hundred twenty-seven were converted, and one hundred sanctified before the sun rose in the east.

On Monday A.M., Peter Van Sant preached on Luke 15:2: "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." He did receive them cordially in his arms, into his family; he was receiving them when my brother was preaching. Samuel Coate preached again on being instant in season and out of season. He was there to raise money for a church in Montreal, Canada, and was very successful. I preached at night from Luke 14:22,23. The work went on gloriously all night. During the meeting there were reported one thousand three hundred and twenty conversions and nine hundred sixteen sanctifications. This is wonderful. I give the figures just as I wrote them in my journal in July 1806. Methodism received a mighty impetus from this meeting. (Written by Rev. Henry Boehm, Bishop Asbury's travel-

ing companion and executor of his last Will and Testament.)”

After this camp had been sold to real estate agents by the Methodist Conference and had laid idle eight or nine years, we as the Pilgrim Holiness Church of Dover, Delaware, held our first meeting on this beautiful grove. Rev. Jacob Hoffman and Rev. Etta Hoffman, his wife, assisted by a number of our district preachers, were the workers. Dr. Alfred Smith preached more than once. We had an altar of about thirty feet long but did not have room enough for seekers. As high as thirty-five men and women at one time were crying for mercy. Many prayed; some got saved, some sanctified and some healed. We added to the church about thirty people that year. Since then we bought this grove, April 10, 1928, fire destroyed the tabernacle. On July 15, we had a new one completed and had it dedicated to the Lord. It was a building 70 by 90 outside to outside.

To God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, we give all the Glory.

The first year of camp it was estimated that there were five thousand on the ground at one time. We continued improving the camp, and built a number of cottages, a large dining hall (two stories high) and put over ten thousand feet of electric wire on the ground. All we had at first was gasoline lanterns and old fashioned torches. This, to me, was a Holy Spot. It had two springs of pure water that never was known to go dry. When wells were drying up all over the area, these springs were running full speed. Since we left, the camp has been done away with. It is all gone as far as camp meetings are concerned. To those who attended the camp then, it brings sadness to see what has happened to the grounds.

A pastor is a failure unless his people stay by him and we had some very loyal members in Dover. Among them were Brother and Sister Willard Mitchel, his wife, Sister Bessie, an ordained minister who had started the work in Dover; their three children, Etta, Roland and Russell are all ordained ministers. Also, Brother and Sister Roy Failing, who were always found at the service occupying the

second pew with their family. Their only son, George, is now an outstanding minister in the Weslyn Methodist Church and two of their daughters, Olive and Lois, are preachers' wives. A faithful mother with most of her family was to be found in our services; her name was Mrs. Holden, now Mrs. Bell of Dover, Delaware. Her three girls, Louetta, Nellie and Carrie were a great help, blessing, and inspiration to our services in their music and singing. Today Sister Louetta and Nellie are ordained ministers.

Another family, Brother and Sister Short, with their son Paul and daughter Maude; Paul with his horn, and Maude, an excellent soloist, added much to the meetings with their music.

Brother and Sister Sanford Thomas and their family were among the loyal ones. Their son, Allen, is now an ordained minister in Texas. He married Florence Morris, from Gumboro, Delaware. Also a daughter, Etta, married a minister.

Mr. and Mrs. Abbott came with their three boys, and many times we visited and enjoyed the hospitality of this home. Johnny, the youngest boy, is today Rev. Abbott, and the District Superintendent of the Eastern District of the Pilgrim Holiness Church.

Well, we felt that our work was through, and with a call to Cincinnati, Ohio, we had our farewell meeting and left. I never saw as many tears shed at a farewell meeting in my life. As the sisters would embrace my wife, and weep on her shoulder, they left a place as large as your hand on her new dress, wet with tears. It was like a funeral instead of a church meeting. We bid farewell and left for Ohio.

Another family who stood loyally by me while pastor in Dover was Fred Thompson's. His oldest daughter is the wife of Rev. Newell Reed, a pastor in the Eastern District of our church.

CHAPTER X

Sowing and Reaping in New Fields and Old

We moved to the suburbs of Cincinnati, a place called Madisonville, where they had a nice church, a wonderful band of saints and a fine crowd of young people. We had a band of music, about sixteen instruments. They were a fine band of young people, and they all knew the Lord. We had some wonderful meetings, and Sunday afternoon we would go to God's Bible School for their afternoon service. The auditorium held about two thousand, and it would be nearly full with people enjoying wonderful singing, music and preaching. We had wonderful meetings there.

Thanksgiving Day was a great day. Preparation would be made a few days ahead of time with thousands of pounds of turkey and all that goes with it. Thirty buses or more would then go out all over the city and gather men, women and children to bring them to the school. They would hold service with them and, when they got through, take them out the back door across to the tables already set with plenty for all. Two thousand could be seated at one time, and two thousand more would fill the auditorium. This would go on all day. Each bus and each person were numbered, so that they would not get lost. There were stopping places all over the city that were numbered also.

The next day I would go to the school, load my car with a great deal of turkey, margarine, bread, and other things they always had left over. Then I would come back to Madisonville, go around to the poor homes who did not get to go and give them a supply of the Thanksgiving dinner. We had our girl, Margaret, and boy, Brainard, both in school at that time.

We then got a call to Oak Hill, Ohio, where there was a small band of saints. The former pastor started a church, and left before he finished it, so I finished it and had it dedicated. I was taken sick and under a doctor's care. While I was getting better, my wife got a telegram. Her father was very ill, and we must come home at once. They put some

pillows in the back of the car, to provide me a bed, and my boy, Brainard, sat up front to drive the car. We were on the road about twenty hours, arriving in Dover safely. We found my wife's father very ill, and they did not want my wife to go back. In a day or so, we left her, went back, sold most of our house goods that we could not pack in the car, and we came back. My wife's father did not live very long after that, and about five months later my wife's mother died.

We had a call back to Cambridge, Maryland, the second time, and were there a while as a pastor, doing a lot of charity work. We had one especially sad case. Cambridge has an east side and a west side, with the river dividing the two sections, up which the boats would come. A bridge joined the two sections. Someone told me that there were two children walking the streets, on the east side of town, begging for bread, and I went over to find out what was the matter. I found the house and went in. I have been in many a home, but this was the worst that I have ever seen. I found the mother of the two children lying on a couch, dying with Tuberculosis. The cobwebs were hanging in strings on the wall. When I took the clock off the mantel, it was covered with fly specks until you could not see the hands. I held a basket, while I took my hand and raked the dirt off the mantle. I scrubbed the top of the mantle, hung blinds at the windows and got things looking better. Then the neighbors came in, and said they had not helped before because they had been afraid of germs. We brought a bed downstairs and got her into it. We found that her father lived with her. Her husband had deserted her, and they did not know where he was. I got everything cleaned and prepared before I read the Bible and prayed with them. The father had never been saved, though he was in his eighties, but that day they both got saved. Mr. Jim's Hubbard's daughter, Eva, came over to see what I was doing. When this woman died, about three weeks later, Mr. Hubbard's daughter asked for the five year old boy to raise and put through school and college for my sake. That boy became one of the main men of Sears &

Roebuck's big store in Cambridge, Maryland. We did some other things too on this line.

I was called to hold a revival in Gumboro, Delaware, and stayed in Brother Oliver LeCates' home. They had a little baby boy born in their home, whom they named Edward after me. Today, he is about fifteen years old and considered a wonderful boy preacher, with a wonderful experience.

After the revival meeting, we had a call to Gumboro, Delaware, and enjoyed a good work there. The saints were a happy crowd, who seemed to enjoy their religion. I have seen twelve to fifteen shouting at one time and enjoyed being with them. There were a number saved; some sanctified and some healed. We had some good revivals. We could say, like Jacob, the morning after he saw the ladder reaching from Heaven to Earth with angels going and coming and the Lord speaking to him, "Surely the Lord was in this place."

CHAPTER XI

Darkness before Dawn

We had a call to Laurel, Delaware, at this time, where Reverend F. C. Walls was the pastor. We moved here and rented a house the first year, before we got together and made plans to build a home. The board bought a building lot along side of the Holiness Church. This church had been built by Reverend Tom Phillips, who was a carpenter as well as a preacher, and it was all paid for. He was a pastor for some time here, since gone to Heaven, having finished his course and kept the faith. We got busy and drew up the plans for a nine-room house with bath and study. I have built a number of houses in my day, and there was something about the sound of a hatchet and saw that was music to my ears. I love the work. We began to dig out for a cellar and start the house.

We got along well, but one day after we got it shut in, I fell to the floor with side pleurisy and was taken home in a car. My wife got busy at once, made a mustard plaster, put it to my side and sent for the doctor. When he came, she told him what she had done. He told her she could not have done any better. With the help of the doctor, my wife's good nursing and the prayers of the good people, the dear Lord touched my body, and in a few days I was back to work, but before we got the home finished, my wife was taken ill.

She awoke one morning about three o'clock with a pain in her head, and just as she got on the floor and started to walk, she fell unconscious. When I picked her up, there was no sign of life, and it looked as if she were gone. I called the doctor who had been taking care of her and told him what had happened. He said that there was no hope, that blood was running in on her brain. I called her sister, Mrs. Frank Long, who had been a trained nurse, in Selbyville, Delaware. She and her husband came at once and told the doctor, "We are going to send her to the hospital." He said, "She will die on the way." She answered, "We are going to do it anyway." The ambulance was called

for, and all of her sisters and brothers summoned. My wife's youngest sister, Mrs. Grier Baker and George Carroll, her brother, went with my wife in the ambulance. Though she was in the hospital awhile, the good Lord saw our tears, heard our prayers and helped my wife. That has been over fifteen years ago, and today she is still living and working as a nurse. Since then, she took up the study of nursing, passed and got her liscense. God is still the same, and there is not anything He cannot do. After my wife got better, she came home, wrote a number of letters to our friends to help pay for our new parsonage and got several hundreds of dollars. Today it is all paid for, for which we thank the Dear Lord.

If we all would look to Him for everything, a lot of things would be different. Many times we worry about something when we should do as that old song advises "take your burdens to the Lord and leave it there." However, many of us fail to leave them. Another line reminds us, "O, what needless pain we bear, all because we do not carry everything to God in prayer." Many times when we pray, we fail to know His will. We know it is His will to save us from sin and to sanctify us. Now let me quote the prayer that Jesus prayed in the garden, before He was betrayed by one of His disciples, Judas. Just before he entered the garden, he said, "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful even unto death." Then the book says, "He fell on His face and prayed, "My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me, nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou will." Many times we fail here, our petition being what we want and not the Lord's will. Many times we have suffered our willingness, forgetting that the Lord always knows best. We pray for our loved ones to get well, and we mostly want our will and not His. A mother once prayed for the Lord to heal her baby boy, over anxiously almost demanding the Lord to heal him. The Lord did, and she lived to see him grow up to be a man, one day commit murder and then hang. Note the language of Paul just before he was beheaded at Nero's block. When he walked out of his cell, looked up to the Heavens and said, "I have fought a good

fight, I have kept the faith and have finished my course and am now ready to be offered up." Paul was all prayed up and ready to go. He lost his head but gained Heaven where he will get another body, a glorified one, free from sickness and death.

If we keep in His will, we will be all right in this world. We still have some dark days and some bright days. It takes both sunshine and rain to raise a crop of anything. Jesus said in this world we will have tribulations, but in Him you will have peace, be of good cheer for He has overcome the world. Sickness and death comes, but Jesus said, "My Grace is Sufficient."

One night about midnight we had a call from Cambridge, Maryland, to come at once. Our daughter, Margaret, was very ill. We are as human as Mary, who said to Jesus, "If You had been here, my brother would not have died." We got ready as quickly as we could, and off we went. When we got there, our girl was unconscious, so we sent her to Cambridge Hospital. After several days of good nursing, medical treatment and many prayers going up both day and night, God stepped in, touched her speech, and she was soon able to talk to us. It was not very long before she could walk around. We thought it was best for the whole family to move to Laurel with us. We kept on praying, finally seeking that the Lord's will be done. We were very anxious for her complete healing, but the Lord always knows best. I am sure we get too anxious for our loved ones to get well, but there comes a time when the Dear Lord sees it is best to take us Home with Him. Before she left us, she lost her speech again, and while she knew us, she could not talk to us. She would do her best to tell us when we would try to find out what she wanted. One night as we were all in the room with her, she began to laugh and rejoice. While she could not talk to us, I said, "Margaret, do you see angels?" She nodded her head yes. She rejoiced and laughed real loud again; I said, Margaret, do you see Jesus?" She nodded her head yes. We could feel the presence of the Lord in the room. Shortly after this she slipped away to be with the Lord. We had her

funeral in our church in Laurel, and then her body was laid away in Greenlawn Cemetery near Cambridge, Maryland, to wait the return of the Lord when He comes to catch away His waiting bride. She is gone but not forgotten.

It is natural for us to think of her, but we feel that she is safe in Heaven. This is like a boat on the sea. There came a storm, then a calm. It makes me think of the disciples who were out on the sea in the ship, and a storm came up. They all got frightened, but Jesus came along, stepped on board, and at once there was a calm. It is for good in life.

We had some good revivals. I think the best one was when Sister Gilkerson was with us for four weeks, and from the first service to the last, God was there. Our sister did the preaching and the special singing in the spirit. After the revival, she made her home with us for about four years. God honored her good service with a number saved, a number sanctified and some healed. Since then Sister Gilkerson married Rev. B. H. Lucas, and they are both pastoring a good work in the state of Michigan.

CHAPTER XII

The Outstanding Charity Spirit at Laurel

I did a lot of charity work here, giving out clothes and shoes in needy homes. Just in one year, I gave out over fourteen hundred pieces of clothing, both new and old, and \$600.00 worth of new shoes that were donated to me besides old ones. Some of these clothes were not worn out, but just outgrown and the family could not use them themselves. Many families gave me clothes that their children outgrew. I spent \$200.00 that year in emergency cases for food, medicine and other needy things.

I have been doing this work for fifty years, and I have had some to say, "Reverend, does it pay?" I say, "In the first place, it is in the Bible. Listen to the language of James, first chapter, twenty-second verse, 'Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and keep thyself unspotted from the world.' Listen to Job in the twenty-ninth chapter and the fifteenth verse, 'I was the eye to the blind and the feet to the lame. I was a father to the poor.' Now turn with me to the 25th of Matthew, thirty-fourth to the forty-sixth verses, 'Then shall the King say to them on His right hand: Come ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world, for I was an hungered and ye gave me meat. I was thirsty. and ye gave me drink. I was a stranger, and you took me in, naked and ye clothed me. I was sick and ye visited me. I was in prison and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee or when saw we thee sick, or in prison and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, In as much as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Then shall he also say unto them on the left hand, Depart from me ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels: For I was hungered, and ye

gave me no meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.' ”

Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered or a thirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison and did not minister unto thee? Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal! Now read Psalm 41 down through the third verse—Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him, and keep him unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.” After Pentecost, it seemed that the widows were neglected, as the Disciples got busy. Note how it reads in the sixth chapter of Acts, third verse—Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business! Now they were careful who they put in this office. They must be men honestly full of the Holy Ghost and have wisdom. Well, some one says, “Does it pay anyway?” I have given you Bible enough for the answer.

We will give you our experience today. I have preachers behind the pulpit to missionaries in the foreign fields and men in business today that could have been gangsters had it not been for my charity work. I visited a very large family in Madisonville, Ohio where a small girl about ten or more said, “Preacher, if you get me a dress, I will go to your Sunday School.” Today this girl is one of our foreign missionaries, has spent some time on the foreign fields and four of her brothers are preachers today. I could name you yet more, but you see, it does pay. The Bible says go and bring them in. There is many a diamond in the rough.

You say, “I am no preacher.” You can take a hand full of good tracks and give them out. You can go to the hos-

pitals where hundreds that may never had seen a good clean religious paper and go from one bed to the other giving them out. I have given thousands of tracts out in the slum districts. Working as late as twelve o'clock in the night, I have spent hours of labor giving out the tracts in what we call the "Red Light District" and I never came across a single man or woman that did that kind of work. You do not have to be a preacher to do that. I remember, returning, after visiting the hospitals and giving out a lot of tracks and good papers, I came through the red light district where there were hundreds of mothers and girls that did not darken a church door. I would give them a paper and a track. There is plenty to do if we want to do something. Let us get off that "Stool of Doing Nothing" and do something for the Lord. When the disciples found the Lord, they went out to find themselves.

I have had some rewards for my good work while I was here in Laurel, Delaware. One was when I was invited to a big supper held in the Rigby Hotel by the Kiwanis Club. I was asked to be their guest. They would not even let me use my car to go, but one of the members came in his big car, took me up there, and after all was over, he took me home. They had the room nicely decorated there, and after we had a fine supper, we were entertained by fine music and good singing. I prayed and before they dismissed, I was asked to stand along the side of the congregation and face Mr. Randall Ward, who was the president at this time. He presented to me a beautiful certificate of Merit. At the same time, they took our picture, had a plate made of us, had it in the paper and a write-up saying that I was doing more good than any preacher in Laurel. The president, Mr. Ward, gave a wonderful talk about a certain preacher that was doing such wonderful work. As he closed his speech, he identified that surprised preacher as, Rev. Clough. I value this certificate so much that I keep it hanging in our front room. One day one of our missionaries was in our home and reading the certificate said, "Do you know that this is a valuable thing?" There is over half a million members of the Kiwanis Organization and it does

not matter where you are, if they saw that, they would take care of you."

My next surprise was when I was asked to preach the baccalaureate sermon at the high school to about sixty graduates. I did not say, "I cannot," but, "I will try." The enemy got busy at once to stop me. Some said I was not capable of it. My wife and others who knew how began to pray. The principal's wife said to me, "Rev., if you do not preach it, I will be disappointed." That helped me a lot, so I began to pray asking the Lord for a sermon for the occasion. The Lord directed me to a text in Daniel, "A Man With A Purpose." By the help of the Dear Lord and the good peoples prayers, I began to study. The night came. This was well-advertised in our papers that I was to bring the message to the school. And I suppose there were nearly two thousand people there. There were a number of ministers on the platform, (most all of them were college graduates), teachers, doctors, and most all of the businessmen of the town. Among all the guests, was our Governor of Delaware, Elbert N. Carvel. One preacher was very nice to me and said, "Rev., if you want a robe, I can fix you up." I thanked him and told him that I would rather not. He said, "Then we will not wear any." I felt that I was not worthy of it as I had not gone any farther in school than the fourth grade. I could not depend on my education I had to depend entirely on the Dear Lord. When the time came to speak, I rose with the thought, I will make it by the help of the Lord and the prayers of God's people. Moses, when Israel was in battle, had a man on each side holding up his hands. He could not do it alone. As long as his hands were up, Israel prevailed; but when they came down, the enemy prevailed. I felt I had some one by my side and the Dear Lord wonderfully helped me.

PART OF BACCALAUREATE MESSAGE

My subject, "A Man With A Purpose" was taken from Daniel, the first chapter, and the eighth verse. A man or woman, boy or girl starting out in life without a purpose is like a boat without a rudder. It would just go around and around. In our school days, we must have a purpose to reach the goal. Never use the word, "I cannot", but, "I will try." We must have a purpose in the political world. When this country fought slavery to the colored men and women, God needed a man to set them free. He searched the country over. He passed by the great men and the wealthy mansion homes, and crossed over into Kentucky, across the mountains and valleys and at last stopped at an old log cabin house with a dirt floor, and there sat a man by the old fireplace burning some pine knots for light and heat with some law books at his side, He was a man with a purpose. This man was Abraham Lincoln. It was not long before he was in the White House as the President of our United States. One stroke of his pen set nearly a million colored men and women free. Now when Israel was in war with the Phillistines, Saul was kind at this time. He did not know what to do. Jesse had eight sons in war so he sent David to find out what was the matter and how his brothers were getting along. When they saw him coming, they made fun of him because he was a shepherd boy. David saw that when the great leader called Goliath came out and roared, Israel fled. David said, "When a lion came out and caught one of my lambs, I slew him and got the lamb back. A bear did the same thing and I slew him also. Now the Lord that delivered the lamb out of the clutches of the lion and bear can deliver this leader into my hands." Saul wanted to dress David in his uniform. David tried it on and told Saul, "I have never tried it," so he took it off and started off to the battlefield. He crossed a little running brook and stopping picked up five smooth stones. Now notice it was five smooth stones, not rough. Rough stones would not go straight. When that great leader saw him, he said, "I will give your carcass to the fowls of the air." David said, "You come to me with a spear and a

sword, but I come in the name of the Lord." He put a stone in his sling and whirling it around, let it go and it sank into the giant's forehead and he fell to the ground on his face. David ran up, pulled Goliath's sword out of his sheath and with one swipe cut his head off. He stuck the sword in the head, held it up and the woman said, "Saul slew his thousands, but David his ten thousands." David finally reached the throne, became the King of all Israel, and wrote the Book of Psalms that has blessed millions. Why? Because he was a man with a purpose. When this old world was in sin, and without hope and without God in their lives, Jesus volunteered to come and die for us that we might be saved from sin, that He might be our Emancipator, our Redeemer and our Saviour. As soon as He was born, the devil tried to kill him and to stop him from fulfilling the purpose of his coming here but he lived thirty-three and a half years. He came to seek and save the lost. He was tempted and tried, but yet without sin. He healed the sick and did many wonderful things while he was here. He lived out His life doing what He came to do and at last on the cross with nails in His hands and feet died for the sins of the whole world. Just before he died, he said, "It is finished." That is, the wonderful plan of Redemption was completed that the whole world may go free. He died and went back to Heaven taking His seat on the right hand of God. He did it all because He had a purpose.

When I came down off the platform and through that great crowd, the superintendent came along with both hands over his head and said, "My worry is over. You can do anything." The principal's wife came to me and patted me on the shoulder and said, "Reverend, I am proud of you." For the next two weeks, I was called on the phone by people saying, "Reverend, that was the best I ever heard." They would stop me on the street and tell me how much they enjoyed the sermon. I received a fine letter from our Governor of Delaware and a fine one from the Superintendent of the schools signed by one of the leading doctors in our town. I am putting both of them in my book. I keep these letters in our safe deposit box in the bank. It pays to be good and obey the Lord.

I want to put in this book the memorial of our dear girl that is gone to Heaven and a letter that our boy wrote us when in service in World War II. He was there thirty months in the construction work as a mechanic in the Sea Bee's, I also want to enclose a picture of a little book that I composed while my wife was in Cambridge Hospital with our boy, Brainard for two months. I was out of a church at this time with no income. My wife sat up in bed and helped me to write it. I had a thousand printed, and sold enough to pay our hospital bill and come out clear of debt. This is all of the Lord. Some have said, "Where there is a will, there is a way." I found if we do our part, the good Lord will do the rest. I have a lot to thank the Lord for. After spending fifty years in the church, I do not feel the least tired of the work. Some think I am too old to have a church, but I do not feel that I am, and for a year and a half I have been out of the church as far as being a pastor. Rev. Darsch and wife followed me here as a pastor and they are



Edward and Elizabeth Clough, who have worked in the church for 42 years together

both fine people. As far as my charity work—in a year and a half I have given out more than a thousand pieces of clothing, (both new and old), several hundred pairs of shoes (both new and old), furniture, and many other things that go in the home. Also I have made over two thousand calls, prayed in a number of homes and other things that goes along with church work. I am like Caleb. He said that he was eighty-five and still had the “go”. I am not that old but past my eighty-second birthday and can say I still have the zeal for the cause. They are still looking to me for help and I enjoy helping someone.

Before I stop, I want to speak about my experience in Sunday School work, and how I keep up my work. On Saturday, I would go around to all of my Sunday School Scholars who had no way to come to church, and see if they had sufficient clothes to come to Sunday School. If not, I would try to supply them with what they needed. On Sunday morning I would start out early and make as high as six trips to get them to church. One Sunday. I counted the distance going and coming and I have traveled forty miles to bring people to church and getting them back home. I believe you have got to work at the job, whatever you do. There are thousands that never get to Sunday School at all and a number have never been asked. As the Bible says, “Why are ye standing here all day long” and they answered, “No man has asked us.”

HOLINESS MINISTER GIVEN MERIT AWARD

BY LAUREL KIWANIS

Civic Charity Work By Rev. E. R. Clough
Recognized by Local Organization At Dinner

Rev. Edward R. Clough, pastor of Pilgrim Holiness Church, was presented with a certificate of merit Tuesday evening by the Laurel Kiwanis Club for his outstanding work in charity. President Randall W. Ward made the presentation.

Mr. Clough, in the ministry 46 years, six of them in Laurel, averages 1800 calls a year. He distributes over a thousand pieces of clothing to the needy each year. His



Mr. Ward, president of the Kiwanis Club, presenting me with a Certificate of Merit at Rigby Hotel in Laurel, Delaware



work being in the line of civic charity supported by the Kiwanis is the reason that organization recognized his efforts.

Present at the ladies' night meeting were 22 members and their wives. Entertainment was furnished by Roger Martin and Bert Anderson who sang and played guitars. Dinner music was furnished by Bobby Phillips.

Installation of 1953 officers was handled by Past Lieut. Gov. Elmer Moore of Seaford, who installed Randall W.

Ward as president. Assisting Ward in the coming year will be Andrew O'Neal, vice-president; Carl K. Schulhofer, secretary; Gene T. Williams, treasurer; Thomas Banks, William F. Ellis, Lee Riggins and Harry Pearce, board of directors.

Guests from the Seaford club were Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Moore, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Parsons, Walter J. Bell and Harold Turner.

LAUREL SPECIAL DISTRICT PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Laurel, Delaware

July 13, 1953

Board of Trustees
Pilgrim Holiness Church
Laurel, Delaware

Dear Fellow Citizen:

A few of your trustees, especially Mr. Lindner and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph, will recall that I had some trepidations, and others were advising me, that Mr. Clough might be undertaking a heavier assignment to preach the baccalaureate sermon to the June graduating class at our public schools than his age deserved.

After communing at the service under the leadership of Mr. Clough, I am completely disillusioned as to the limitations of age, experience, and training required for furnishing spiritual guidance to youth and a mixed audience such as we have at baccalaureate services.

I have reflected over the strength and character of Mr. Clough's message and it is my conclusions that the heart speaks louder than the mind or tongue, as it did with Mr. Clough. Such hope, aspirations, and convictions which he offered so successfully to the graduates and their friends demonstrates a power greater than mere man and I could not help but believe that Mr. Clough was speaking from Divine guidance rather than intellectual superiority or temporal power which is the kind of power so often considered important by laymen.

Never again will I doubt the power of God in the heart of a man, regardless of age or intellectual attainments. From the observations I received, I am convinced that others obtained an equally profitable experience and that the cause of Christian living was advanced considerably among our citizens by Mr. Clough's message. It was logical coherent, unified, and full of concrete examples

and Christian ideals challenging to people in all walks of life.

The youth were particularly attentive to and appreciative of his good work.

Very truly yours,

Charles P. Helm

Superintendent of Schools

John Roscoe Elliott, M.D.

C. T. Dickerson

July 17, 1953

The Reverend E. R. Clough
Laurel, Delaware

Dear Mr. Clough:

I enjoyed your Baccalaureate Sermon to the Class of 1953 at the Laurel High School last month.

The soundness of the advice grounded upon age old Christian Principles which you offered to the class should stand them in good stead in the years that lie ahead. Indeed, it would be well if we all followed that advice by putting it into practice in our dealings and associations with our fellow men.

With warm personal regards

Cordially

Elbert N. Carvel

A TRIBUTE TO MRS. MARGARET CLOUGH LINDNER

By Mrs. Lola Lee Vickers

One of the saddest deaths that the whole community has known for some time was that of Mrs. Margaret Clough Lindner, which occurred Saturday, August 21, 1948, at 3:46 p.m. (D.S.T.) at the home of her parents in Laurel, Delaware. Mrs. Lindner was the only daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Edward R. Clough. She was born in Cambridge, Maryland, May 16, 1916, at which time her father was serving on the Cambridge Charge. The greater portion of her life was spent in Cambridge, except for the pastorates her parents filled at churches in other fields while she was quite young. She later returned to Cambridge and the rest of her life was spent here until her last few months.

She was a loving and devoted daughter to her parents and a fond sister. Being born of a very religious ancestry, she quite naturally took that trend in life and lived that Christian life more perfectly. As a young girl she was always in the church services, and it was there that she started the moulding of a beautiful and most useful career. While she did not possess always a robust physical body, yet she was greatly possessed with deep spirituality, charm and poise, and despite weariness of the physical oftentimes, she always carried a broad smile which won her way into the hearts of those she came into contact.

On November 4, 1936, she was married to Mr. George Lindner, of Cambridge vicinity, and for nearly twelve years they had enjoyed a happy life together. To this union was born two sons, and the happy parents had always admonished them in the ways of the Lord and had seen to their spiritual training, preaching services and various activities for the youth in the church. Few people today possess accomplishments such as she had. Her husband, being a fine artist, used his skill in the church as a Biblical Illustrator for the Young People's Societies and other services, and she was the very efficient narrator for her husband's beautiful paintings. Her stories were unfolded with

such pathos, sincerity and sweetness of spirit that no matter what length of time it involved for their work, it was always so uplifting and inspiring that the audience was held spellbound until the full completion of the whole discourse, which after it had come to a close, was indelibly stamped upon the minds and the hearts of those who had been present.

She was loyal to her church, a faithful wife, a loving mother and affectionate daughter and a kind friend. She could be found at her post of duty whenever health permitted. Her works in the church were numerous. She was several times president of the Young People's Society, had served faithfully as a Sunday School teacher for the young married people, had her place in every phase. Her programs were always full of spiritual help, enlightening and inspiring. She had a very unusual zeal for foreign missionary work and her programs along that line were as interesting to hear as though one were in contact with one who had returned from the foreign field.

On Thanksgiving Day of 1946, she and her husband were scheduled for a painting and a narration for the Young People's Society at Hurlock, Maryland, and had prepared the same, but at a very early hour in the morning she was stricken with illness and it seemed the end had come. She was taken to the hospital, where it seemed no hope was given for her. But after a time she regained consciousness and was finally removed to her home on High Street. and it seemed for a while she might be restored to her loved ones and the church, but at length it was found that her strength was incapacitated to the extent that she must give up the care of her home and move with her family into the home of her parents. It was hoped for her complete recovery, but while she was there she suffered several attacks, yet always rallying for a short while to spread sunshine among others with her broad smile and patient endurance.

Later a change came about, and she sustained an attack from which she never regained consciousness, passing away on Saturday, August 21, as stated already. Her funeral was held Tuesday, August 24, at 2:00 p.m. (D.S.T.)

in the Pilgrim Holiness Church in Laurel, Delaware, where her father has been pastoring for a number of years, and was in charge of Rev. H. D. Dukes, of Denton, Maryland, District Superintendent of the Eastern Division, and Rev. B. H. Lucas, who was her pastor in Cambridge during her illness. Both spoke very fittingly of the lovely Christian character she possessed and the smile that she always bore in sickness or in health, which always made them feel more refreshed in their Christian life after having visited her than before entering her presence.

Rev. Dukes remarked how her mother told her: "Margaret, if the Lord heals you, you must let up a little in your work." She smiled and said: "If the Lord heals me, I must still work for Him." The choir sang beautifully "What a Friend We Have in Jesus" and "Safe in the Arms of Jesus", and was composed of ministers and their wives of the District. Rev. Mrs. Godwin Rimmer, a girlhood friend, sang sweetly "I'll Feel At Home in Heaven". The Quartette from the Oxford, Maryland, P. H. Church rendered beautifully the lovely song, "The Last Mile of the Way." A prayer of deep gratitude for her Christian life and of encouragement to all concerned was offered by her uncle, Rev. Grier Baker, pastor at Harrington, Delaware. A beautiful reading, one of the writings of the deceased, entitled "The Resurrection", was read by Mrs. B. H. Lucas, the former Rev. Ethel Gilkerson, who has been in the home of Rev. and Mrs. Clough for several years and who had endeared herself in the heart of the deceased as if she were a sister. She spoke also of her as a Christian worker and the lovely life she lived, in a very impressive manner.

There was an unusual and most beautiful display of flowers which bespoke the high esteem and deep affection in which she was held. The remains were brought to the Dorchester Memorial Park where a large hose had gathered to pay their last respects to one they loved so well. The casket was opened that they might view the remains of their friend and one who had been faithful to the end. The Young People's president of the church, Mr. Olney Ross, spoke briefly by request. He spoke of her life being such a benediction to him and her faithfulness to the

young people. The Young People's Choir sang "In the Sweet By and By." The honorary bearers were ministers of the District; the pallbearers were brothers-in-law of the deceased. The lovely life that has passed on to her great reward leaves us to face the future with brighter hopes and greater zeal for God.

She is survived by her husband, Mr. George J. Lindner; two sons, Kenneth and Arnold; her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Edward R. Clough, of Laurel, Delaware; one brother, Mr. Brainard Clough, of Stanton, Delaware; one half-brother, Mr. William Clough, of Centreville, Maryland; also a host of relatives and friends to mourn her loss, but our loss is her gain. As her father waved his handkerchief over her form in the casket, saying, Good night, daughter, I'll meet you in the morning", it was as though all within themselves expressed the same thought, and it seemed that she, though wrapped in complete silence, wafted back the response and assurance:

"I'll meet you in the morning with a 'How-do-you-do?'
And we'll sit down by the river,
And with rapture auld acquaintance renew;
You'll know me in the morning
By the smile that I wear,
When I meet you in the morning
In that city that is built Four-Square."

Relatives and friends lingered reluctantly at the grave and as they finally departed gazed back at the profusely floral-laden casket that held the remains of one so dear and saintly, feeling that she, as one of the Bible times, "hath done what she could".

Death our dearest ties doth sever,
Take our loved ones from our side,
Bear them from our homes forever
O'er the dark and chilly tide;
But in that happy land we'll meet them,
With the loved ones gone before,
And again with joy we'll greet them,
There where parting is no more.

She will be sadly missed by her loved ones and the church.

IN MEMORIAM

LINDNER—In sad but loving memory of our dear wife and mother, MARGARET, who passed away August 21, 1948:



In our hearts we'd like to stray
Through the roads of yesterday,
To hear your laugh, to see your smile,
Just to talk to you a little while.
It seems like only yesterday
That we were all so gay,
But now we all have aching hearts
Because you're gone away.
Away upon a journey to
A land that's bright and fair,
And though we miss you here,
We know you're happy there.

Husband and Sons—
George, Kenneth and Arnold

Lindner—A tribute of Love to the memory of our daughter and sister, Margaret:

You left a memory fair and sweet,
Its fragrance shall not die;
Your life was short and pure and sweet
When God called you on high.

We know you suffered hours of pain
To wait your cure, but all in vain,
Till God alone knew what was best
And called you home and gave you rest.

But there was rejoicing in Heaven,
And a welcome waiting there,
When you went home with the angels,
Away from all sorrow and care.

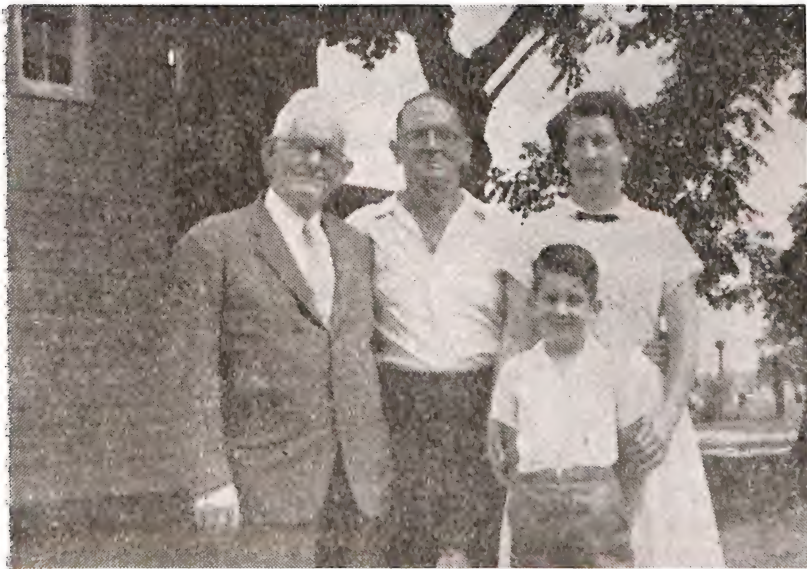
Father and Mother,
Rev. and Mrs. E. R. Clough
Brother, Brainard

LINDNER—In loving memory of Sister:

The road into the sunset
Is one we all must tread
And though it brings us sorrow
When a loved one goes ahead,
There is alway comfort knowing
We will meet again some day,
When all grief and pain are over
And the clouds have rolled away.

Brother, William and Family

Somewhere in the South Pacific
June 4, 1945



Four generations: E. R. Clough, William, Alice and Bernard



Edward Brainard Clough

To The Pilgrim Holiness Church
Laurel, Delaware

Dear Members and Visitors,

Today I received a joyful and cheering letter from my parents. I could tell my mother was crying when she wrote the letter by the tear-stained lines on the paper. But after reading the letter I knew they were tears of joy and thankfulness to our Creator for answering her prayers. As I read there the lines she spoke of the annual meeting of the church and how each and everyone of you showed your

appreciation for their ambitions and labor as a representative of God.

For nearly twenty-eight years I have watched my parents move from city to city and house to house. I have seen my father build churches and parsonages in other places they have lived. I know what satisfaction it is to hear the reading of votes and know you have the confidence of the people who give their money willingly to keep on your work for God in their vicinity.

As you are making a special drive to pay the debt on the parsonage, I also wish to express my appreciation to the people of this church for their kindness to a very great man (my father), probably not in the minds of people on this earth, but to the one who knows us all. I humbly submit my offering. Enclosed a money order \$25.00.

Before I close, I wish to remind you that your prayers, not only for me but for all the boys here in the South Pacific, are not in vain. We need them greatly many times. Our minds are not centered on killing people but to maintain a peace throughout the world so others can also believe in the One we look to in time of need.

Your letters will be greatly appreciated and I am sure answered.

I remain,

E. Brainard Clough

Chief Carpenter's Mate USNR

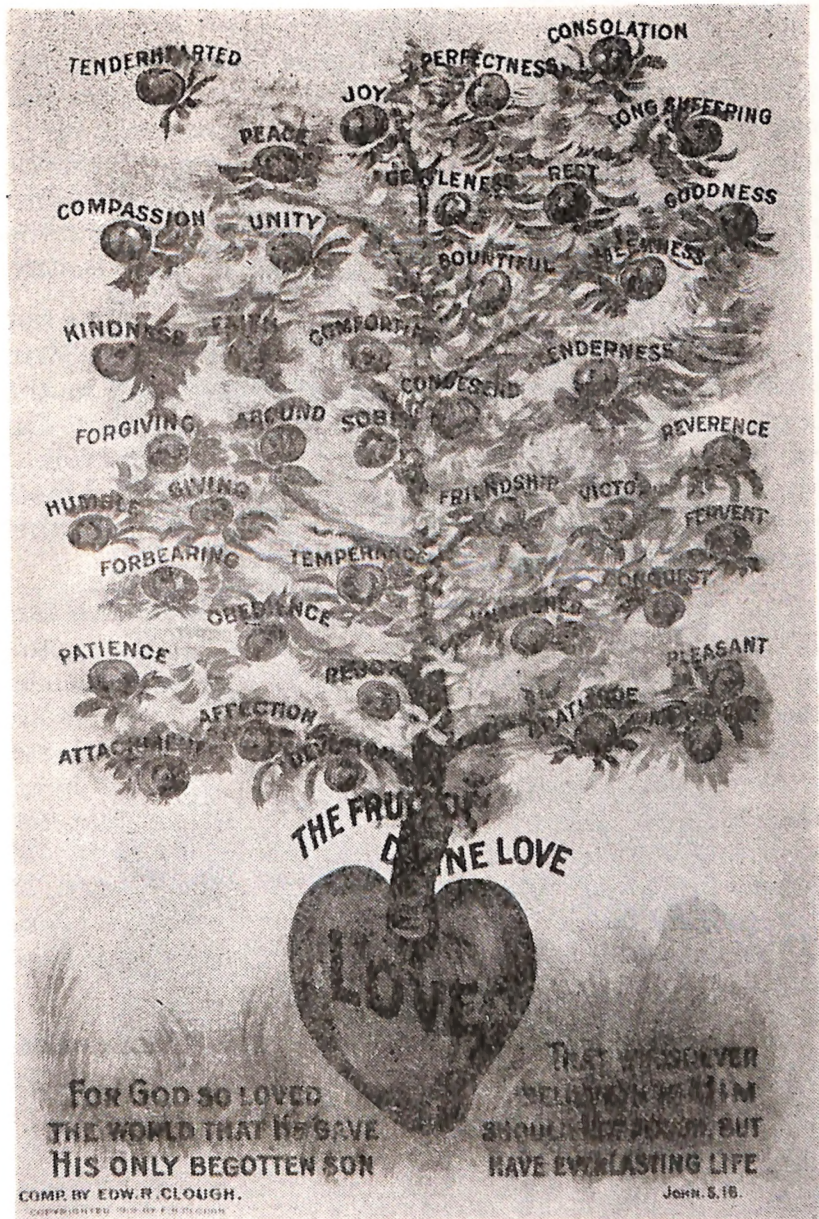
From The
FALL OF MAN
To The
JUDGMENT

By Rev. E. R. Clough

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By Rev. E. R. Clough

CAMBRIDGE, MD.



A Tribute to our Loved Ones

First to my only brother, Eugene Clough, of Centreville, Md., who was a charter member of the Pilgrim Holiness Church in Centreville, Md., and sacrificed much for the work of the Lord in that town. He passed away a number of years ago leaving his widow (Mattie) and four children, Margaret, Etta, Thomas and Nellie. Etta is an ordained minister and pastor of a church in the Eastern District.

While pastoring in Dover death visited my wife's family and called the eldest daughter, Ethel (Mrs. Paul Short) which came as a great shock and her father and mother began to go down in their bodies four years later. Mr. Carroll passed away and five months later Mother Carroll. Mr. and Mrs. Brainard Carroll were a real father and mother to me and many happy hours has been spent in their home and in the church services together.

Just about three years ago death again visited the family and suddenly took a brother, Anthony, since a young man. He had stood loyally by his father in his business known as the "Carroll & Sons" Bazaar in Dover, Delaware. Anthony was more than a brother-in-law to me but a real brother and he and his family endeared themselves in my life. He left a courageous wife (Edythe). His oldest son, Anthony, Jr. stepped in his father's shoes and with his father's brother, George, continues a sale each Friday. His four noble daughters were all married, Betty, Jane, Louise and Nancy leaving a small boy Chester Lee home with his mother.

Perhaps some who read this book might be interested to know Betty is the wife of Carl Kresge of Allentown, Pa.



The ring leader at Denton camp for 35 years

